

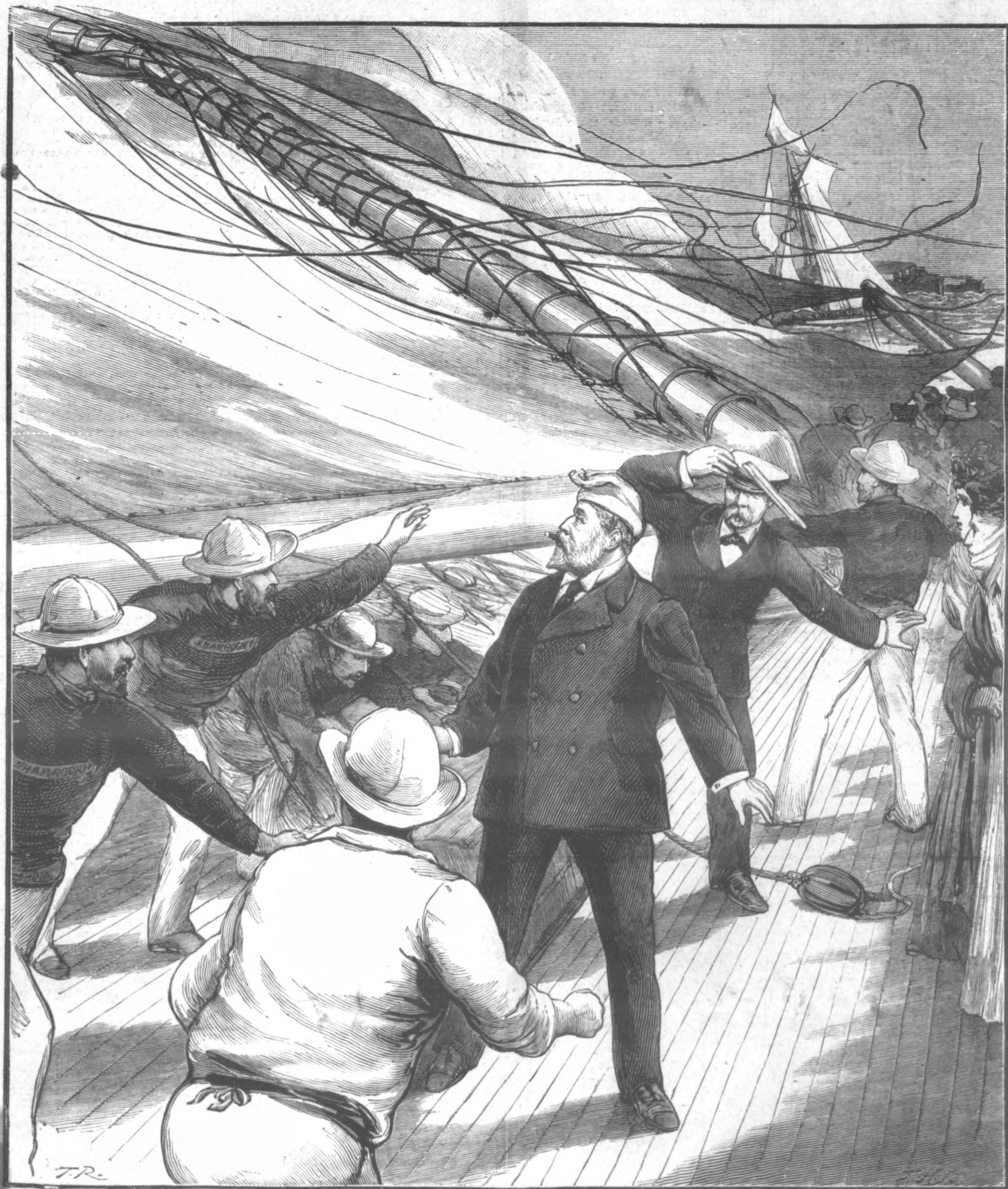
ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND + ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 198, Strand, aforesaid.

"GOD SAVE THE KING!"



THE DISASTER TO "SHAMROCK II." OFF THE WIGHT: THE KING'S NARROW ESCAPE.

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["Lex" will be happy to reply to short and simple questions of law. Queries should be addressed to "The Editor of The Penny Illustrated Paper," 198, Strand, London, and must be accompanied by the proper names and addresses—in confidence. Replies given to name or initials, as desired. Questions must be written on one side of the paper only. No replies can be sent direct by post.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B.—After the expiration of six years the debt is statute-barred. You do not state, however, what time has elapsed. If under six years you could be sued.

GREENGROVER.—This is rather a question of a difference of opinion than a question of law, which you should endeavour to arrange amicably.

E. A. T.—You should instruct a solicitor to inquire into matter.

W. J.—You should renounce probate and then your co-executor, if any, or one of the next of kin, could obtain letters of administration with the will annexed. It is as well to consult a solicitor.

CONSTANT READER.—Your question is not clear. But you are bound to go out at the expiration of a proper notice to quit.

SERGEANT.—A receipt given by any officer, seaman, marine, or soldier for sums over £2 received by him for wages, pay or pension, is exempt from the duty of one penny.

MANUFACTURER.—A notice is to be kept exhibited by the employer in a conspicuous place referring to the provisions of the Shop Hours Regulation Act, and stating the number of hours in the week during which young persons (i.e., any person under eighteen years of age) may lawfully be employed therein.

FLYAWAY.—You can seize the goods for rent within thirty days from the time when they were clandestinely removed.

TERRIER.—The person who poisoned your dog is liable to a penalty not exceeding £5, or in the case of a first offence to a term of imprisonment, with or without hard labour not exceeding one month.

OTHER LEGAL ANSWERS in next week's P.I.P. **LEX.**

"I Wonder if all men are fools," snapped Mrs. Snarley, after a little domestic tiff the other morning. "No indeed, my dear," replied her husband. "I know a number of men who are bachelors."

Bassompierre, French Ambassador to Spain, was telling Henry IV. how he entered Madrid. "I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world." "Ah!" said the King, "what an amusing sight, to see the biggest ass mounted on the smallest mule." "I was your Majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

Ethel: "When does your breach of promise suit take place, Clara?" Clara (sobbing): "T-to-morrow." Ethel (sympathising): "I am very sorry to see you so overcome, Clara, dear!" Clara: "Oh, it's nothing, Ethel; I am simply practising for the jury!"

He Certainly Was Not Handsome. but he had a loving heart. He bought his adored one a birthday present of a pug that broke the record in point of ugliness. The gift went right to the heart of the maiden. "Oh, thank you, James—thank you!" she gushed. "It's just like you—so it is!"

Mr. Davidson, one of the Free Church Ministers in Arran in the 'sixties, was a good man, but very eccentric, and some of his comments were laughable enough, and were made all the more so to strangers by his strong Highland accent. On reading the precept "Walk circumspectly," he said: "You've all seen a cat, my brethren, wàhkin' on the top of a wàhl covered wì broken bottles and bits o' glass. See hoo it lift wàn fit and then anither fit, and hoo slowly and carefully it puts it doon, to keep clear o' the sharp bits o' glass. And so, my brethren, in this world o' snares and pitfalls, we should be like the cat on the wàhl—we should walk circumspectly."

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To Correspondents.

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All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business, to be addressed to the Publishers of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

Talk of London.

LORD MILNER'S HONOUR.

IN the case of Sir Alfred Milner, it was promptly proved that His Majesty the King, no less than his trusty Prime Minister, was determined to recognise in a way that sweetens service the exemplary devotion to duty and to the high trust reposed in the chief civil representative of the Crown in South Africa. England is ever grateful to her faithful public servants, and takes pride in rewarding and honouring them for work well and zealously done. It was this sentiment of appreciative generosity—the very antipodes of the despicable meanness of the pro-Boer and anti-British papers—that imparted national heartiness to the cheers which greeted Sir Alfred Milner, embrowned by his sea voyage in the *Saxon*, when he landed at Southampton, and sped him from that flourishing seaport to town, where the London and South-Western management had to adopt special measures to keep a space free on Waterloo platform for the distinguished Commissioner in whom ex-President Kruger found more than his match. There was a notable gathering of most eminent statesmen to welcome Sir Alfred Milner. Not only was the Marquis of Salisbury there, wearing a light summer overcoat, and looking, happily, in capital health and good spirits, but the pallid, keen face of Mr. Chamberlain was to be seen; likewise our alert and brisk little "Bobs," smart Commander-in-Chief, beloved of the British Army and British people; our plucky Devon Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury; Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Cranborne, and Lord Hugh Cecil, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the young-looking Secretary for War, and other Ministers of State. Clean-shaven, save for his neat moustache, Sir Alfred Milner had thrown off the anxious looks he wore in South Africa. On alighting, he was most cordially shaken hands with by Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Roberts, Mr. Balfour, and others nearest the carriage; and then drove off with the Premier and the Colonial Secretary in an open landau, amid the "thundering cheer of the street."

Welcomed Home by the King,

Sir Alfred Milner enjoyed a genial hour of rest under the hospitable roof of Marlborough House, and had the great gratification of receiving from His Majesty the notification that his style and title would henceforth be Lord Milner of Cape Town. The former journalist has received this high honour at an exceptionally early age: he is forty-seven. But then his services have been commensurately great. Son of Dr. Milner and of Mary, daughter of Major-General Ready, Governor of the Isle of Man, he was educated

in Germany, at King's College, London, and at Balliol, Oxford—a College that has given a host of distinguished men to the service of the State. A barrister of the Inner Temple, a *Pall Mall Gazette*er, he became Private Secretary to Mr. (now Viscount) Goschen, at the Admiralty, Under-Secretary for Finance in Egypt, and Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue. It was accordingly with considerable administrative experience that he accepted the trying post of Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa in 1897. In that belated continent he has nobly done his duty.



STATUE OF LORD ROBERTS,
UNVEILED BY LADY ROBERTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE
ON MAY 23.

He strove his hardest to stave off war, but in vain!

What He Had to Contend Against—

and what Lord Kitchener has still for a while longer to fight—was well summed up in his own words (those I put in italics) at the Ministerial luncheon Mr. Chamberlain gave in his honour at Claridge's last Saturday—

"I do not know whether I feel more inclined to laugh or to cry when I have to listen for the hundredth time to these dear delusions, this Utopian dogmatism, that it only required a little more time, a little more patience, a little more tact, a little more meekness, a little more of all those gentle virtues of which I know I am so conspicuously devoid, in order to conciliate. To conciliate what? *Panoplied halberd, insensate ambitions, invincible ignorance.* I fully believe that the time is coming (Heaven knows how we desire to see it come quickly) when all the qualities of the most gentle and forbearing statesmanship which are possessed by any of our people will be called for, and ought to be applied in South Africa. I do not say for a moment there is not great scope for them even to-day, but always provided that they do not mar what is essential for success in the future, the conclusiveness of the final scenes of the present drama."

In fine, Britons will not tolerate a second Majuba peace.

"Shamrock II.'s" Great Mishap.

Amid such sylvan pleasures as the water junketings near Windsor on Monday with Queen Alexandra and the engaging children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, King Edward may well have forgotten the imminent danger he was in on the previous Wednesday on board Sir Thomas Lipton's new Clyde-built racing-yacht *Shamrock II.*, the rigging of which has proved so singularly faulty in squally weather as to suggest that due regard has not been paid to scientific proportions of sails and mast and boom. Too much canvas was carried, or mast and spars were too frail. Surely absolute safety in

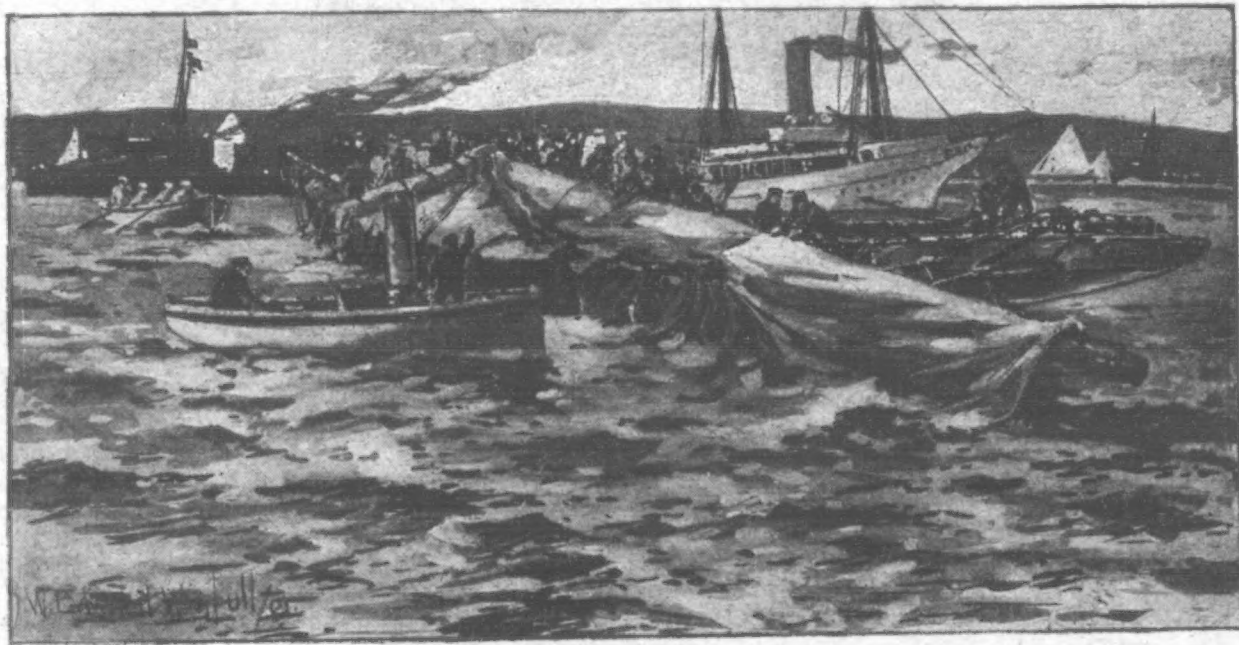
these respects should have been secured before His Majesty was invited on a trial cruise. That is what people are saying. The life of the King is so valuable that His Majesty should not be allowed to run such a terrible risk as he unquestionably encountered—with his usual genial sangfroid, it is true—that morning of May 22. But the temptation was great. There was a delightful opportunity to escape from the depressing bricks-and-mortar imprisonment of this great city to the indescribably exhilarating freedom of the breezy Solent, and the added inducement of offering regal patronage to the courageous British sportsman who for the second time is about to make a gallant attempt to win back the America Cup for Old England. Freed from the yoke of State, the King, at ease in a yachting-suit and a white Scotch bonnet, was in the best of spirits and in a laughing mood on board *Shamrock II.*—the very embodiment, indeed, of a jovial ex-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the life and soul of the party. His Majesty was smoking a cigar at the time of the crash, and how near it was to being a fatal crash is brought home most vividly to us by the photographs and sketches of the deplorable accident. The old and the new *Shamrocks* were matched with the *Sybarita* to sail from Cowes over the "new Queen's course." The signal had hardly been given from the *Erin* when *Shamrock II.* swung round, her enormous canvas filled, and swish went her bowsprit rigging, the topmast gave way, and the steel mainmast buckled in two places. The main part of the rigging fell to leeward, fortunately. Had it collapsed on the deck, as it might have done a few seconds later, there would probably have been a lamentable loss of life. Happily, the King was not injured in any way; nor were any on board, with the exception of Sir Thomas Lipton, who was unfortunately stunned temporarily by a falling block. Cool as a cucumber as regarded himself, His Majesty lit a fresh havana, and at once interested himself as to the safety of the others. He went on board the *Erin* and returned to town from Southampton, his smiling countenance reassuring everyone who had shared the general anxiety as to his fate. Our American cousins evinced the greatest sympathy, and showed Sir Thomas Lipton every consideration on his applying for a postponement of the race. Mr. T. W. Lawson went so far as to offer in the most generous manner to bring his yacht *Independence* over to this side if necessary. But Sir Thomas Lipton, pluck impersonated, perseveres with his intention, and hopes to be able to repair *Shamrock II.* (on safe, scientific principles this time, I trust) early enough to take his beautiful yacht across the Atlantic, and to sail the first race by Sept. 21 next.

The Thames "Shamrock" Rescued by the Steam-boat "Prince of Wales."

I am enabled to present a Drawing of another aquatic accident, which, curiously enough, happened on the afternoon of the day the King was saved so providentially on *Shamrock II.* The penny steam-boat *Shamrock* was just starting for the Temple from Charing Cross Pier when a barge's oar damaged her starboard paddle-wheel. The captain dropped the anchor, and brought her up alongside the wooden islet of the Waterloo and Baker Street railway works, where the *Prince of Wales*, as sketched, proceeded to take off the passengers. The incident was watched with close interest from the Victoria Embankment.

The Military Pageant

King Edward favoured London with on Victoria Day—the 24th of May, anniversary of her late Majesty's birth—proved of indescribable grandeur, and can be best represented by a comprehensive photograph such as that which is printed on another page. That tells everything—with what stately splendour the ceremonies of Trooping the Colour and presenting Colours to the 3rd Battalion Scots Guards were performed. His Majesty, who wore the uniform of a Colonel of this historic regiment, was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, Earl Roberts, and a brilliant



THE DISASTER TO "SHAMROCK II.": RESCUING THE CREW AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF THE MAST.

Drawn by a "P.I.P." Artist from a Sketch and from a Photograph by Messrs. West, of Southsea.

staff, and made one of his model speeches, terse and to the point as ever, in presenting the Colours. Queen Alexandra, with the Princess Victoria, the Duke of Cambridge, Duchess of Connaught, and the children of our own Sailor Prince, witnessed the glowing scarlet spectacle from the windows of the Horse Guards.

The King and the Collier Martyrs.

It was a sad coincidence that lamentable colliery calamities occurred on May 24 both in Wales and in Germany. One touch of affliction makes the two nations kin. Twenty-one lives were lost, alas! at the Waldenburg fire; but seventy-nine miners perished, it is pitiful to relate, in the catastrophe at the Universal Colliery at Senghenydd, near Cardiff, on the same Black Friday. With the humane celerity to sympathise with the afflicted which was one of Queen Victoria's strongest characteristics, His Majesty testified his sorrow and commiseration by communicating the following message through the Home Secretary to Mr. Robson, Chief Inspector of Mines for South Wales—

The King is deeply grieved to hear of the terrible disaster at the Universal Colliery. His Majesty commands me to express his deep sympathy with the families of those who have lost their lives, also his admiration of the gallant attempt made to save life.

(Signed) RITCHIE.

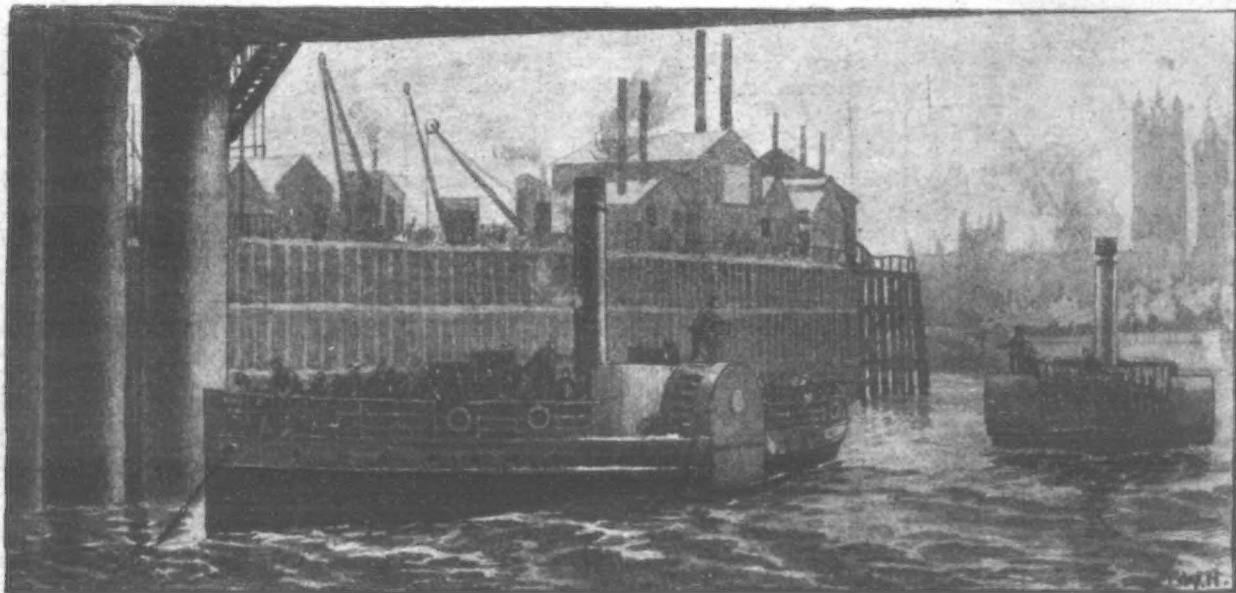
Earl Roberts

(Mr. Harry Bates's fine equestrian statue of whom occupies a commanding position in the centre of the Crystal Palace) gave considerable pleasure to a large gathering of holiday folks on May 23 in the radiant Palace of glass on Sydenham heights by attending, with the Countess, to open the excellent Naval and Military Exhibition Mr. Henry Gillman has organised to commemorate the first Great Exhibition of 1851. As I gave a rapid review of this superb martial show last week, I need do no more now than point to the photograph by Russell and Sons on another page as illustrating yet another attractive feature of the programme—namely, the Greenwich sailor school-lads' smart exhibition of drill. Stay for the afternoon naval pageant of the Battle of Trafalgar or for the evening show of Nelson's Victory of the Nile.

The Islington Tournament.

Honoured with the patronage of King Edward, the Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall shows this year no diminution of popularity. On the contrary, there are fresh features which should prove more attractive than usual, with the happy result that the deserving military charities for soldiers' orphans may benefit more largely than ever by the public attendance at this supremely grand martial show, which bewitches you with noble horsemanship, and demonstrates in splendid style the smartness, skill, and effectiveness of our gallant fighting men ashore and afloat. I should say London has never before heard so magnificent and stirring a rendering of Jullien's British Army Quadrilles as is given here by six hundred chosen men from the best military bands in the country, including the Bands of the Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots, and Irish Guards, with Pipers, and Drums and Fifes into the bargain. The performance is in the highest degree inspiring, and when capped by "God Save the King," evokes a lively demonstration of fervent and patriotic loyalty to His Majesty. With the Imperial welcome accorded by Melbourne, Brisbane, and Sydney to our Sailor Prince and his bonnie wife fresh in our recollections, we could hardly help applaud most vigorously the great spectacular pageant of the present season—the Inauguration by H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall and York of the Australian Commonwealth, a spirited "living picture" in which are represented most dramatically the various troops of which the British Army is composed, with the brave Colonials in khaki, to boot. To this add the naval displays of the "Handy Man," the "Musical Rides," and the familiar features of the competitions, and it will be admitted that the Military Tournament should draw full houses twice a day till the close of its brief season.

The "Shamrock" at the Temporary Wooden Islet for the Waterloo to Baker Street Tube.



A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE: THE DAY THE DISASTER HAPPENED TO "SHAMROCK II." THE THAMES STEAM-BOAT "SHAMROCK" WAS INJURED, AND HER PASSENGERS WERE RESCUED BY THE "PRINCE OF WALES," NEAR CHARING CROSS PIER.

The Fine Bank Holiday

with its soft air and sunny sky come as a boon and a blessing to London's toiling millions—aye, and to myriads of country visitors, whose cheery presence infused a wholesome zest to town life on Whit Monday. The figures appended speak eloquently as to the popularity of St. Lubbock's (Lord Avebury's) May Holiday—

Crystal Palace	58,870
Alexandra Palace	200,000
Hampstead Heath	100,000
Epping Forest	105,000
Earl's Court Exhibition	70,000
Waterloo Park and Highgate Woods	40,000
Zoological Gardens	38,464
Bath and West of England Show, Croydon	18,558
Hampton Court	15,417
Windsor Castle	15,000
The Tower	13,943
Kew Gardens	85,000

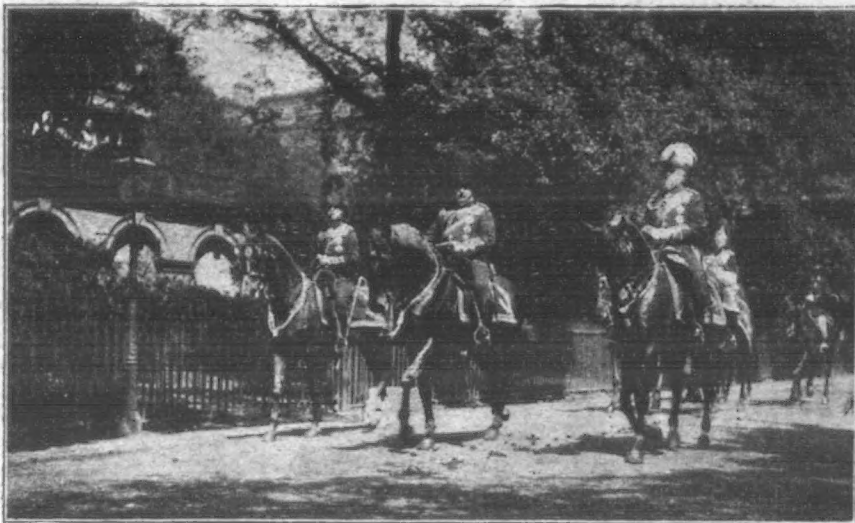
Arthur Roberts

was one of the chief mirth-movers on Whit Monday. The arch low comedian and mimic

the unfortunate baritone was unable to continue in his part. The extraordinary readiness of the artists was shown in the fact that Herr Muhlmann, who had been playing the Herald, undertook the character of Telramund literally at a moment's notice, and the opera was performed without further delay. Probably no other opera-house in Europe would have been able to proceed with the performance under such circumstances.

Mr. Tree

winds up his season at Her Majesty's on this present Friday evening with his magnificent revival of "Twelfth Night," and the last act of "Herod." Madame Sarah Bernhardt and M. Coquelin will be seen next Monday at Her Majesty's Theatre, in "L'Aiglon." Advanced prices of admission will be charged. M. Maurice Grau, formerly of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, will direct the performances. Meantime, Mr. Tree will delight suburban audiences with his masterpieces—his wonderfully lifelike old



"P.I.P." SNAP-SHOT OF THE KING, WITH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND PRINCE CHRISTIAN, IN THE MALL ON VICTORIA DAY.

brought the new musical variety show, "H.M.S. Irresponsible," to the Strand, and convulsed with laughter his admirers by his eccentricities as a pseudo-Admiral. He was ably assisted by Mr. W. H. Denny. Many would have been better pleased, perhaps, had the last-named admirable actor and dainty and songful Miss Kate Cutler and Miss Florence Perry been furnished with more business.

The Free Park Movement

progresses. Last Saturday the Earl of Aberdeen opened to the public the Dollis Hill estate as Gladstone Park, which the Willesden Urban Council has acquired for the public at a cost of £50,000. This was a favourite resort of Mr. Gladstone, the tribute to whose name was gratefully acknowledged by Miss Helen Gladstone. On Whit Monday it was the pleasing duty of Mr. A. M. Torrance, Chairman of the County Council, to dedicate Sydenham Wells Park to the public. This green pleasure cost £10,000.

An Accident at the Royal Opera

last Saturday night greatly alarmed the audience for a time. It will be remembered that Lohengrin, appearing as the Champion of Elsa, challenges Telramund, her scheming accuser, to mortal combat. The duel is fought in antique fashion with swords and shields, and Herr Knote, who represented Lohengrin, got his shield entangled with that of Herr Mohwinkel, who was the Telramund. The result was that sword and shield came down with great force upon Herr Mohwinkel's face, and inflicted a severe blow. At first, when Telramund was assisted from the stage by some members of the chorus, it was merely thought to be new stage business, but the curtain fell, and Mr. Neil Forsyth hurriedly went for a surgeon, and

Russian spy in "The Red Lamp," as Captain Swift, Svengali, etc.

"The Christian King,"

Mr. Wilson Barrett's latest play, was tried at Swansea last Saturday. Mr. Barrett's Christian King is Alfred the Great, and the author has provided himself with a strong and sympathetic part. Just now, when we are preparing to celebrate the thousandth year of Alfred the Great's England, such a play ought to be cordially received.

"The Lady from Texas,"

to be produced on Saturday night at Penley's Theatre, is not, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor informs us, a political play, but a comedy of manners and character. It is true a Chancellor of the Exchequer appears in the piece. He will not be represented by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, but by Mr. Cartwright. Miss Kelly Cheatham, the charming actress formerly of Daly's company, will play the heroine, and Mr. Leonard Boyne appears as her impulsive lover. The author in her dialogue almost rivals "Tay Pay" himself, and the play is smart and witty from beginning to end.

The Gaiety Management

will not wait for a new theatre to provide a successor to "The Messenger Boy." Rehearsals are in full swing, and it will not be many weeks—perhaps not many days—ere lovely chorus-girls, on the look-out for aristocratic husbands, are once more singing and dancing on the popular old stage. I hear great things of the merry book and equally jolly music of the new piece, and feel sure that another success is in store before the new street passes through the walls which have so often echoed with genial laughter of Gaiety belles.

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HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

THE KING AND QUEEN, in common with their subjects, spent the greater portion of last Monday in the open air. Accompanied by other members of the Royal Family, they spent Whit Monday at Virginia Water, and enjoyed a picnic in the surrounding woods. The weather was delightful.

His Majesty has assigned the "Saxon Tower," at Windsor Castle, as a residence, to Captain Fritz Ponsonby, Equerry to His Majesty.

The Queen has consented to be patron of the matinee in support of the Field Force Fund, to be held on June 13 at the Empire. The same favour has been granted by Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Frederica of Hanover, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

Her Majesty has graciously signified her intention of becoming the patroness of the Women's Holiday Fund.

The Kaiser has conferred the Order of the Black Eagle on Field-Marshal Lord Roberts.

The Royal Tour.—The Duke of Cornwall and York, who was accompanied by his gracious consort, on May 23 laid the foundation-stone of a cathedral which is to be erected at Brisbane as a memorial to Queen Victoria.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York left Brisbane by train on May 24 for the Hawkesbury River to rejoin the *Ophir* preparatory to entering Sydney Harbour on board that vessel. The railway journey was broken in the bush country, their Royal Highnesses alighting and being served with a squatter's meal of tea and "damper." They were also entertained by an exhibition of stockmen's skill.

Concluding Their Long Railway Journey, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York arrived at the Hawkesbury River at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and were taken on board the *Ophir*, where they spent a quiet Sunday. Their Royal Highnesses had stopped on their way at Newcastle, where they were cordially cheered during a drive round the town.

The "Ophir" steamed into Sydney Harbour on Monday morning, escorted by the *St. George*, the *Royal Arthur* and other vessels. Thousands of spectators watched the entry, either from excursion steamers or from the shore. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York landed at two o'clock, and drove by a devious route to Government House. An hour was occupied by the journey, and during this time the pealing of bells, the strains of military music, and the unrestricted exclamations of enthusiastic crowds welcomed their Royal Highnesses warmly to the capital of New South Wales.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Charles Greville passed away on Monday at his residence, Hillingdon, Uxbridge, after a brief illness, in his seventy-fourth year. The gallant officer was a son of Mr. Algernon Frederick Greville, for many years private secretary to the Duke of Wellington, and who fought with considerable distinction at Quatre Bras, Waterloo, and the capture of Péronne.

The Gallant Colonel enjoyed a brilliant military reputation. He acted as one of Sir George Cathcart's aides-de-camp throughout the Crimean War, taking part in the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, where his leader, Sir George Cathcart, fell mortally wounded. He also was present at the siege and fall of of Sebastopol.

The Boer War.—The final stage of the war has, we may hope, commenced. The Boers are now mostly broken up into small bands; still, in some districts, under a recognised commander, but for the most part wandering about with the object of avoiding British columns, and in hope of coming across some stragglers or an ill-protected convoy. They are ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-led. There is no cohesion, no attempt at an attack; simply daily treks to avoid capture or contact with our troops. It is no longer war, but simply a succession of near escapes and hopeless marches.

The Fact that the war is still continuing is due to nothing else but ignorance and an organised system of deceit on the part of the Boer leaders. The following case is a very good illustration of this: When Lord Kitchener and General Botha met the other day at Middelburg, the two Generals with their staffs were photographed together. At that very moment De Wet was fleeing for his life, and indignantly refused to believe that Botha would treat with his harassers. A copy of the Middelburg photograph was shown him as proof of the fact that there had been a conference between Kitchener and Botha. He took the photograph with him to a meeting of his burghers. "Look," said he, displaying the photograph, "and see how the Lord has blessed our arms. Lord



Photo. Thomas Forrest and Sons, Photoprint.

THE DISASTROUS EXPLOSION ON MAY 24 AT UNIVERSAL COLLIERY, SENGHENYDD, NEAR CAERPHILLY. VIEW SHOWING PIT FRAMING AND ENGINE-HOUSE.

Kitchener has been taken prisoner by Louis Botha, and here," waving the photograph, "is positive proof of it."

Lord Kitchener's Despatch, dated Pretoria, May 27, has been issued from the War Office as follows:—Since my last telegram on subject columns' report following: 63 killed, 36 wounded, 267 prisoners, 83 surrenders, 246 rifles, 2000 rounds small arms ammunition, besides a large capture without details, 179 wagons, and large numbers horses and cattle.

Lord Kitchener's Resource.—The ingenuity of the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa is being brought into play by the continued guerilla tactics of the Boers. For the better protection of the lines of communication, roads, drifts, bridges, and culverts, he has had built quite a number of stone block-houses. These small forts, only needing from ten to twenty men to garrison them, are invulnerable to rifle fire. Practically, any section of the enemy could be kept at bay by a handful of men utilising one of these towers, which are cleverly loopholed for the defenders' rifles. Though not elegant in appearance, these block-houses are solidly built of cemented masonry, and serve their purpose with marvellous effect. The sketch we give is of Fort Napier, in Natal. The garrison was made up of the King's Liverpool Regiment, who in Natal with General Buller did truly excellent work.



A TRANVAAL BLOCKHOUSE.

Lord Maitland, formerly Colonel of the Coldstreams, has received War Office sanction to raise a force of mounted men for service in South Africa, to be called the City of London Imperial Yeomanry.

The Colliery Disaster.—A disastrous explosion occurred on May 24 at Universal Colliery, Senghenydd.

be much over 250,000, with an accumulated capital of £1,500,000. To-day the numerical strength was within 18,000 of the million, and the accumulated funds would be found to be not far short of £11,000,000. This was a record of progress unparalleled in the history of any similar institution.

Pardoned at Last.—After nearly a score years Arabi Pasha has been forgiven by the Khedive, and is to return to Egypt. He is now a white-haired man of about sixty summers. His plot to overthrow both the Khedive and the European control of Egypt came to a head in 1881, when Tewfik was compelled to dismiss his Ministers and convene an Assembly of Notables. Rias Pasha was replaced by Cherif Pasha, who promised a Parliamentary form of Government. Arabi became Under-Secretary of the War Department, and was created a Pasha. When the Assembly of Notables refused the Budget as a protest against foreign financial control England intervened. Alexandria was bombarded in 1882, and Arabi and his army were beaten at Tel-el-Kebir by Sir Garnet Wolseley. Arabi surrendered to General Sir Drury Lowe, and was condemned to death. The sentence was commuted by the Khedive to perpetual exile, and Arabi has passed nineteen years amidst the "spicy breezes" of Ceylon.



ARABI PASHA

Cart Horse Parade in Regent's Park last Monday was, as usual, well attended, both as regards entries and visitors. The cart-horses came from all over London. Their coats were like mirrors, and their glittering harness jingled like bells. Their manes and tails were plaited, their hoofs polished, and they were decorated with tassels and ribbons and flowers to their very blinkers.

The Grand March Past was a sight such as no other city in the world could show. The procession of 800 splendid horses, many as big as elephants, was a thing to be remembered. The rumbling vehicles were of all sorts—dust-carts, brewers' drays, pantechions, patent road-sweepers, water-carts—and were as spick-and-span as if they were new. Each driver was supported by a joyous company—the "missis and the kids" and his next of kin, his "pals" and his pals' "girls"—as many people as could be crammed in. Dust-carts were transformed into wagonettes, and family circles sang songs inside pantechions.

The Countess of Jersey, in a pretty grey dress distributed the prizes, supported by Sir Walter Gilbey



NAVAL AND MILITARY EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: MODELS OF MODERN AMBULANCE IMPROVEMENTS IN WAR.

discharge of a heavy cannon; this was followed by a second and a third. So loud were the reports that they were distinctly heard a distance of three and a half miles away over the mountain range. With the roar of the first report the top of the shafting was blown away, so that both the upcast and downcast were dislocated, while the corrugated-iron screen was demolished and the fan-topping carried away.

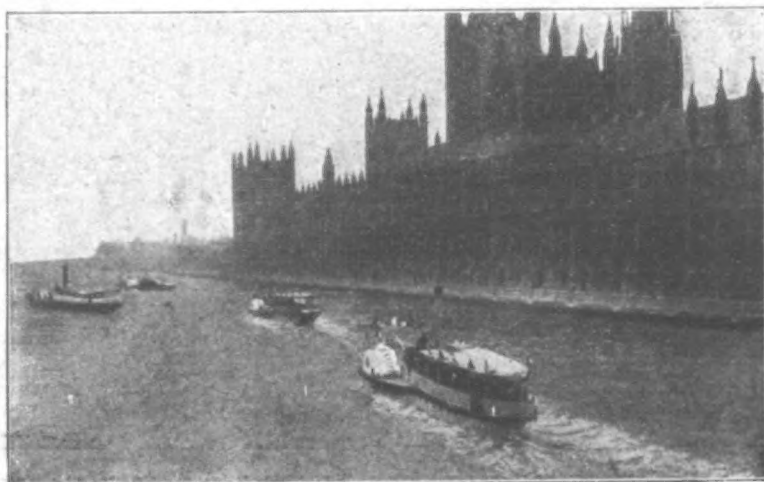
Fortunately, however, the fan itself remained intact, but its operations were for the time rendered practically useless by reason of the serious falls which subsequent examination showed had taken place at the pit-bottom. These facts are sufficient evidence of the appalling character of the explosion, and the latest reports unhappily leave little hope of anyone surviving the terrible catastrophe. One of the first messages of sympathy came from the King.

The A.M.C. of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows was opened last Monday in Norwich. Richard Rushton, Grand Master, was in the chair. The Mayor of Norwich welcomed the deputies to the city. The Grand Master said of this great Friendly Society that in 1857 the number of members in the entire Order would not

who proposed a vote of thanks to L. dy Jersey after the ceremony.

Progress of Co-operation.—The thirty-third annual Co-operative Congress, under the auspices of the Co-operative Union, was opened on Whit Monday in Middlesbrough. Mr. Joseph Warwick, of North Shields (the president), occupied the chair. His figures spoke volumes. He said in the year 1844 twenty-eight men combined together for co-operative trading. Their capital, which they pooled, was £28. Their trade in the first year was £710. At the close of the year 1900 there were in the United Kingdom 1464 distributing societies, having a membership of 1,709,371, with share capital amounting to the fabulous sum of £20,588,231, doing a trade of over fifty millions, and handing back to the membership no less a sum than £7,747,338, showing a net saving on that spending power of the consumer of 15 per cent.

The Wretch Bresci, who Assassinated King Humbert, committed suicide on May 22 in his prison-cell at Santo Stefano Penitentiary. He was found hanging by a towel to a bar in the window.



WHIT MONDAY ON THE THAMES: THE UP-THE-RIVER BOATS DO A SPLENDID BUSINESS.



A patrol of thirty men of the Metropolitan Mounted Rifles lost four killed and six wounded in a skirmish near Maraisburg on May 14. This appears to have been their first fight.

THE LONDON RIFLES HAVE A WARM TIME.

READ THE "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE."—BRIGHTEST AND BEST 6d. MONTHLY

MRS. ANDREWS
RESPONDENT'S SISTER
GIVES EVIDENCE

DR. YATES
SPEAKS UP FOR
THE LADY

MR. COULTER
THE PETITIONER
CONDUCTS HIS
OWN CASE AND
FAILS TO WIN IT

MRS. COULTER
WINS HER CASE

THE CO-RESPONDENT
DENIES THE ALLEGATIONS

THE STRANGE DEFECTIVE-MEMORY CASE.

A Defective Memory.—Sir F. Jeune and a common jury had before them on May 23 the case of Coulter v. Coulter and Beldham. The petition was that of the husband, a watchmaker and jeweller, of Richmond, for a divorce by reason of the alleged misconduct of his wife with the co-respondent, Mr. John Beldham. Petitioner, who appeared in person, rose from a seat at the solicitors' table, and read out a long statement of his case. After the death of the wife of the co-respondent, Mr. Beldham came to reside at petitioner's house. He proceeded to detail suspicious circumstances which had led him to institute this suit. At the request of his Lordship, he gave evidence on oath, without the assistance of his notes. After making a few remarks, he said he could not remember the evidence he wished to describe without the assistance of his written statement.

His Lordship could not allow him to use it. He understood that the petitioner might be nervous. Mr.

went into the box and stated that Mr. Coulter had threatened her, and had used abusive and obscene language to her, and she called two or three witnesses. Mr. Coulter denied the charge of cruelty. While giving his evidence he stopped short, and said, "Memory again, my Lord. It's no use. My memory has gone to-day. I have spoiled myself." (Laughter.) In the result the jury found that Mr. Coulter had been "guilty of cruelty to his wife." His Lordship granted the

her three children went to Ventnor for their summer holiday. After their return to Norwood her husband noticed she was very anxious to get him out of the house when he returned for meals. One day he happened to open a box belonging to the respondent, and there found a bundle of letters addressed to her by the co-respondent. He showed the letters to his brother-in-law, and then came to the conclusion that there could be but one result. He charged the respondent, and she shortly after left the house.

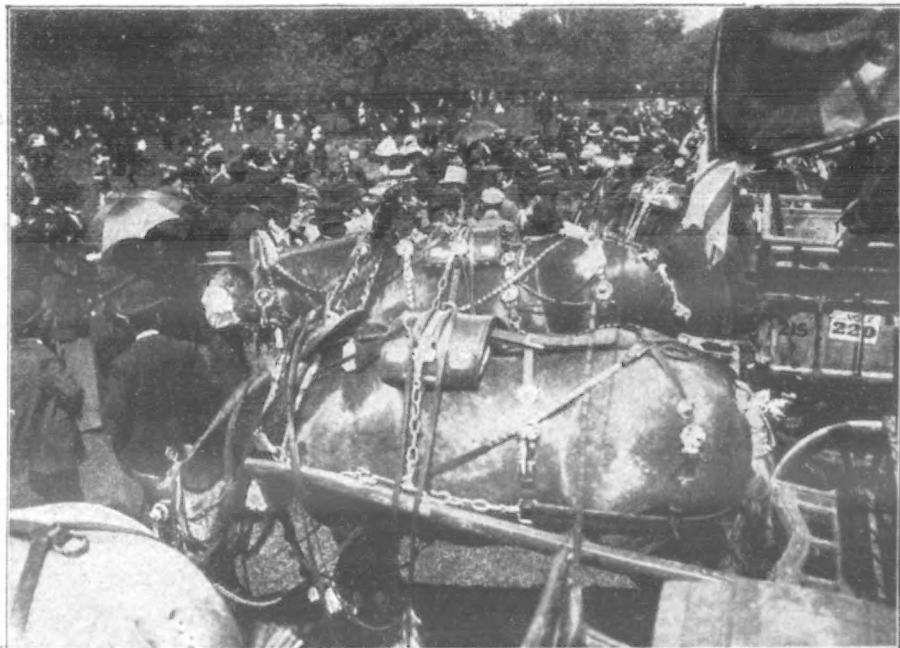


THE PETITIONER
IN THE CASE OF
GAYDON v. GAYDON AND FINCH.

A MILITARY CO-RESPONDENT.

Coulter said it was not that. He was a teetotaler, and that morning he had had some brandy, and that was the reason he could not remember things. He had not touched anything for years, and just before coming into court he took some brandy because he felt faint, and his memory was "clean gone." He was afraid he could not prove his case, as he could not find one of the witnesses on whom he relied. He then withdrew his case. The co-respondent having gone into the witness-box to deny the charge, the petition was dismissed.

The Wife's Petition for judicial separation by reason of the cruelty of her husband was then gone into, and she



WHIT MONDAY PRIZE CART-HORSE PARADE AT REGENT'S PARK.

wife a judicial separation, with costs and custody of the children.

A Military Co-Respondent.—In the case of "Gaydon v. Gaydon and Finch," heard on May 23, the husband, a jeweller, at Norwood, sought the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of the alleged misconduct of his wife with a subaltern in the Royal Garrison Artillery. From the statement of counsel it appeared that the parties were married in June 1894, at Bayswater. Mrs. Gaydon met the co-respondent in 1899, when she and

Mr. Justice Barnes inquired where the co-respondent was at present, and he was informed that he was at Malta, but that he was now a Captain, having recently been promoted. The jury found for the petitioner, and assessed the damages at £500. His Lordship granted the petitioner a decree nisi, with costs. He also gave him the custody of the children, and directed the damages to be paid into the registry within fourteen days.

The Federation Ceremony at Madame Tussaud's has been the delight of thousands of holiday folk during the week. It is the work of Mr. John Tussaud, who has secured an excellent portrait of Lord Hopetoun in the act of signing the oath of allegiance. He stands upon a raised dais, and is surrounded by the Federal Ministers in attitudes of attention. The Archbishop of Sydney, holding the Testament in his hand—who has just administered the oaths—stands to the left; and around are Sir Frederick Darley, Sir John Forrest, Mr. Dickson, Sir W. Lyne, Mr. Barton, and Mr. Deakin. The Pavilion is a specimen of the Renaissance period, with a grand sweeping flight of steps from the ground. The group is cleverly arranged, and has all the artistic merit that distinguishes Mr. Tussaud's work.

The "Celtic" is to be eclipsed by United States ship-builders. Two steamers, which are being constructed at New London, Conn., are intended to have a load displacement of 33,000 tons, as compared with the 33,700 tons of the world's present biggest ship. The two new ocean monsters are intended for the Trans-Pacific traffic from Seattle to China and Japan.

Amateur Golf Championship of Ireland.—To Mr. W. H. Boyd (Portmarnock) the trophy which goes with the title of the closed championship of Ireland, was on Saturday "handed" by Lady Mabel Annesley. The result came as a surprise, for Mr. H. E. Reade (Royal Belast), who was left in the final with Mr. Boyd, had been regarded as almost certain to do as in 1897 and 1899. Such surprises are not to be deplored, for they do an immensity of good to a game, especially as in this instance there was no fluke to account for the unexpected. Mr. Boyd played in fine form. From the fourth hole he began to show to advantage, and at the end of the first round he was 4 up. Eventually success belonged to him by 7 up and 6 to play.

H. Taylor Beats J. White.—The second portion of this match for £100 was played over the fine Huntercombe course, near Henley-on-Thames. At Richmond the open champion (Taylor) finished 6 up, and as it turned out, this proved most useful to him, for White, on the splendid long course, recently laid out by Willie Park, was quite the equal of his rival, who in the end won by 4 up and 3 to play. The bye was halved. White did the first round in 83, and the second in 18. Taylor went round each time in 86.

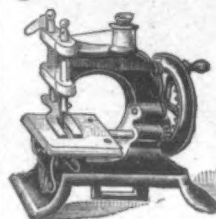


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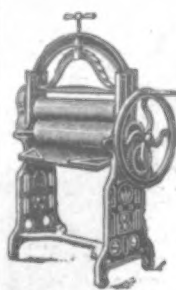
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THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

SPORT AND PLAY AT WHITSUNTIDE.

It is doubtful whether so many attractions in the way of outdoor sports were ever before offered than on Monday, and the holiday being blessed with brilliant weather, the people generally betook themselves to the fields and playgrounds. There were nine important cricket matches to choose from, and all were well patronised. At Lord's, where Middlesex and Somerset met, and the proceeds were set aside for the benefit of

W. Gunn.

a faithful servant to the M.C.C. and to Notts County, there were some 15,000 persons present, 12,319 of whom paid. Though none of them made fifty runs, Middlesex gave a very good display. On another Metropolitan ground—to wit, Leyton—some 10,000 persons assembled, and Essex, who were playing Kent, gave them something to think about.

P. Perrin (189) and Carpenter (127)

remained together while 232 runs were scored for the second wicket. The company were so delighted that when, in view of Carpenter's forthcoming benefit, the collecting-boxes were passed round, the sum of £35 10s. was dropped into them. C. McGahey also distinguished himself. It was Essex's day, for they only lost three wickets and made 399 runs. At Old Trafford, where Lancashire received Yorkshire, 22,642 people paid for admission, but there was not much of the "ard, igh, and hotten" about the cricket, for all the honours fell to the bowlers.

Rhodes and Hirst

shared the Lancashire wickets, the last of which fell at 133, and then Sharp and Webb began to return the compliment. At Trent Bridge the annual Notts and Surrey match attracted satisfactorily. Wase (six Surrey wickets for 85) and A. O. Jones (75) were the chief performers in an even day's play. An innings of 135 by Wrathall helped Gloucestershire most materially against Sussex at Brighton, where Ranjitsinhji made his first appearance for the season. The 9000 spectators seemed pleased with the day's cricket, though the home side could scarcely be said to have had the better of matters. Relf took four of the visitors' wickets for 37, which, considering the innings realised 349, deserves to be noted. For Derbyshire against Hampshire S. H. Evershed played an innings of 123, and for the latter Greig took six wickets for 38 runs. An innings of 83 by W. G. Quaipe was the best thing done at Worcester, where the visitors were, as already intimated, Warwickshire. The South Africans were at Leicester, where they did only indifferently, Gieson (seven for 33) acting as a strong deterrent.

Batting Still Uppermost.

Prevalent east winds may have been, discounting the effect of sunshine, and dealing treacherous blows to those of weakly constitution, but the rain has kept away, and batsmen have been very busy on the fast wickets. Never did runs seem easier to obtain than during the greater portion of the merrie month. Yet some of the best of the bowlers—most notably Mead, of Essex—have done well, and probably deserved to have met with a larger share of success. Up to May 25, according to one journal of repute, no fewer than eighty-five catches should have been made that were not, and the batsmen who escaped made during their second lives 2480 runs. It may be that some of the misses were impossibilities—lookers-on are apt to think that every chance, no matter how difficult, ought to be accepted. Still, allowing for such contingencies, it is a very sad record, and bowlers are to be sympathised with when their efforts are so discounted. Fielding may not be a lost art, but it is evidently a much neglected one.

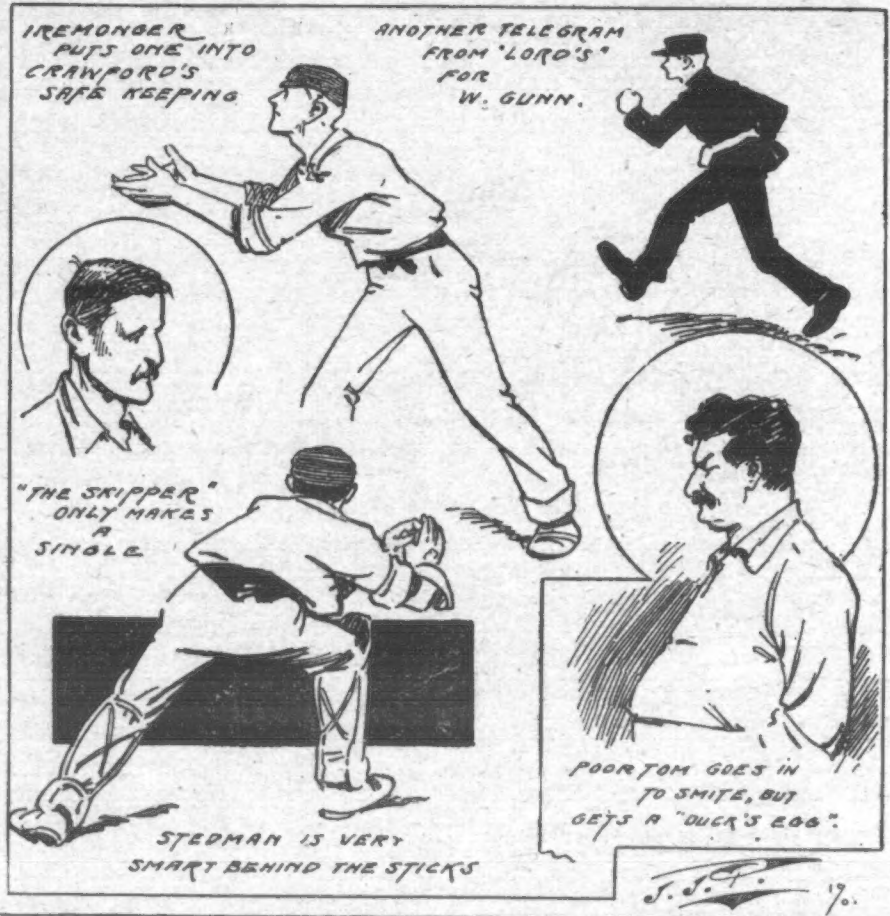
Double Hundreds by H. B. Chinnery and C. McGahey.

Both the above last week joined the list of those who have played two three-figure innings in one match, and the last-named in the three matches in which he had played this season for his county up to May 25 had scored 601 runs, which, as he was twice not out, gave him an average of 150. Abel at the same date had scored 698 in thirteen innings (four not out), Hayward 681 in nine innings (one not out), G. W. Beldam 455 in nine innings (two not out), Tyldesley 503 in ten innings (one not out), C. J. B. Wood 502 in ten innings, and G. L. Jessop 600 in twelve innings. Perhaps the

Most Remarkable Scoring of Last Week occurred in the match between Essex and Gloucestershire. The former made 748 for the actual loss of thirteen wickets (second innings declared closed); the western county 596 for fifteen wickets—in all, 1344 runs for twenty-eight wickets, including five individual innings of three figures, two of them

NOTTS - v - SURREY

AT NOTTINGHAM LAST MONDAY.



by C. McGahey, already referred to. The first innings of Essex produced 452 runs, yet in this Huggins took five wickets for 81. In actual result

The Champions (Yorkshire) Could Not Have Done Better

at the start of the county competition. Four matches played and all won was their record up to Saturday last. Of Lancashire's first five matches, four were won and one drawn; and Surrey, with four matches played, three won and one drawn, then stood on a level with their two formidable rivals. Notts had not lost, but then she had only played two matches. All the other counties had lost one or more matches, except Middlesex and Kent, neither of whom had entered upon their county championship programmes. Worcestershire, who have not been able to command their best team, were at the bottom of the list with four matches played and four lost. Sharp looks like being useful to Lancashire this season. Against Worcestershire he did exceedingly well, taking fourteen wickets for 152 runs, and scoring 36.

Oxford and Cambridge

both appear to possess plenty of batting, and the difficulties of the respective captains will apparently be in the selection of men capable of giving the greatest amount of assistance in the bowling department. At Cambridge, H. K. Longman, the son of a famous old Blue, played a fine innings of 150 against Yorkshire, who were, however, without Rhodes and Hirst; and at Oxford, R. E. More scored 133 and 60 against Surrey, who were unassisted by

Lockwood, Lees, and Brockwell. Each University has an excellent wicket-keeper, but the gentleman behind the stumps cannot prevent runs being made off the bat, and on dry wickets at Lord's three days will probably prove insufficient for the inter-University match, which is to be commenced on July 4.

The cause of charity was well supported at the grounds of the

London Athletic Club at Stamford Bridge.

There was the sound of the piper as he played his march or strathspey or reel or pibroch in the hope of winning the prize; and how the laddies footed it in fling, Gillie Callum, strathspey, and reel! There were athletic events as well, and a tug-of-war, in which the City Police team covered themselves with glory. J. M. Lean, London Highland A.C., went off with quite his share of honours, for he won the 220-yards level invitation race, and the open and closed 100-yards handicaps. A five-mile match between A. Shrubbs (S.L.H.) and S. J. Robinson (Northampton C. and A.C.) went to the former by 300 yards in 25 min. 57 1-5 sec. Altogether it was a day to remember, especially that part in which the Countess of Dundonald was the chief figure—the distribution of prizes. To the dinner in the evening the Archdeacon Sinclair lent the light of his cheerful countenance. He beamed over all, for he occupied the chair. At the

Crystal Palace

there were music, jollity, sport, and any number of other forms of recreation, and a great many found real enjoyment, while some perhaps rather overdid it. The magnificent models of the King's war-ships are alone worth a visit to Sydenham's famous home of recreation and instruction. The Anerley Bicycle Club held their races there on Monday, and while numbers went inside the enclosure, more watched the races with keen delight from the rising ground outside. A. E. Wills, Putney, won the ten-mile open scratch points race; M. H. Rose, Anerley, won the open half-mile scratch for first class, and E. S. Bartley, Silverdale, a like race for second class. The Polytechnic Harriers had a capital day out at Merton; and there were also enjoyable meetings at Huntingdon, Hastings, Bournemouth, Dover, Wigan, Merton, Wrexham, Portsmouth (where W. E. Paine, Worthing, won the five-mile open scratch bicycle race), Eastbourne (where B. Sewell won the mile Sussex championship), and Bath (where the Bath City Challenge Vase for five-mile cycle race was secured by Tom Davies, Manchester). Highgate Harriers went to Southend; the Thames Ironworks Federated Clubs were at home, Canning Town; and their ten-mile cycle scratch race fell to A. S. Ingram, Polytechnic C.C. At Exeter, H. W. Payne won both the one and five mile scratch races; and at the Irish Amateur Championships P. O'Connor, Waterford, cleared 24 ft. 9 in. in the long jump, which constitutes a record. What jumpers those Irishmen are! The same athlete won the high jump.

The Yacht "Shamrock II."

To the Clyde the so far ill-fated *Shamrock II.* has gone for repairs. That the unfortunate accident resulted in nothing worse than damage to masts, spars, and sails is a matter for very hearty congratulation, especially seeing that His Majesty the King was on board. Apparently our well-loved Monarch behaved in the most cool and collected manner, doing exactly the right thing to dissipate the nervousness which may have been felt by some of the guests of Sir Thomas Lipton. The New York Yacht Club have expressed their willingness to accede whatever delay is necessary, but they would be glad if the time sufficient to make everything right amounted only to four weeks' postponement of date. **BANSHEE**

GYMNAST FALLS EIGHTY FEET.

The gymnast Pedina, who gives daily at the Crystal Palace a very daring performance on a bending mast, 100 feet high, met with a bad accident on Whit Monday afternoon. A large holiday crowd had assembled to witness the feat in the centre transept, and when the performer had climbed to an altitude of 80 feet the mast suddenly snapped, and he fell with a crash on to an iron grating. Naturally the accident caused great excitement, which was intensified by the fact that the poor fellow appeared to be dead. Medical aid was promptly secured, and, happily, the gymnast was found to be still alive. He was conveyed as rapidly as possible to the Norwood Cottage Hospital, where it was found that he suffered from a broken left arm, a fractured rib, and a scalp wound. Pedina is a native of Poland, and although he has performed the feat on numerous occasions, he has never met with an accident before. A P.J.P. Artist who was present sketched the occurrence.

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The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's Curlers." Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Noble, of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wafers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" both on the article and on the box. The present "Hinde's Wafers," Nos. 18, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Queensoms, or Sample Box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hindes Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

HAIR WAFERS



"I Save 50 % on my Tailor's Bills"

by buying direct from the actual manufacturer.

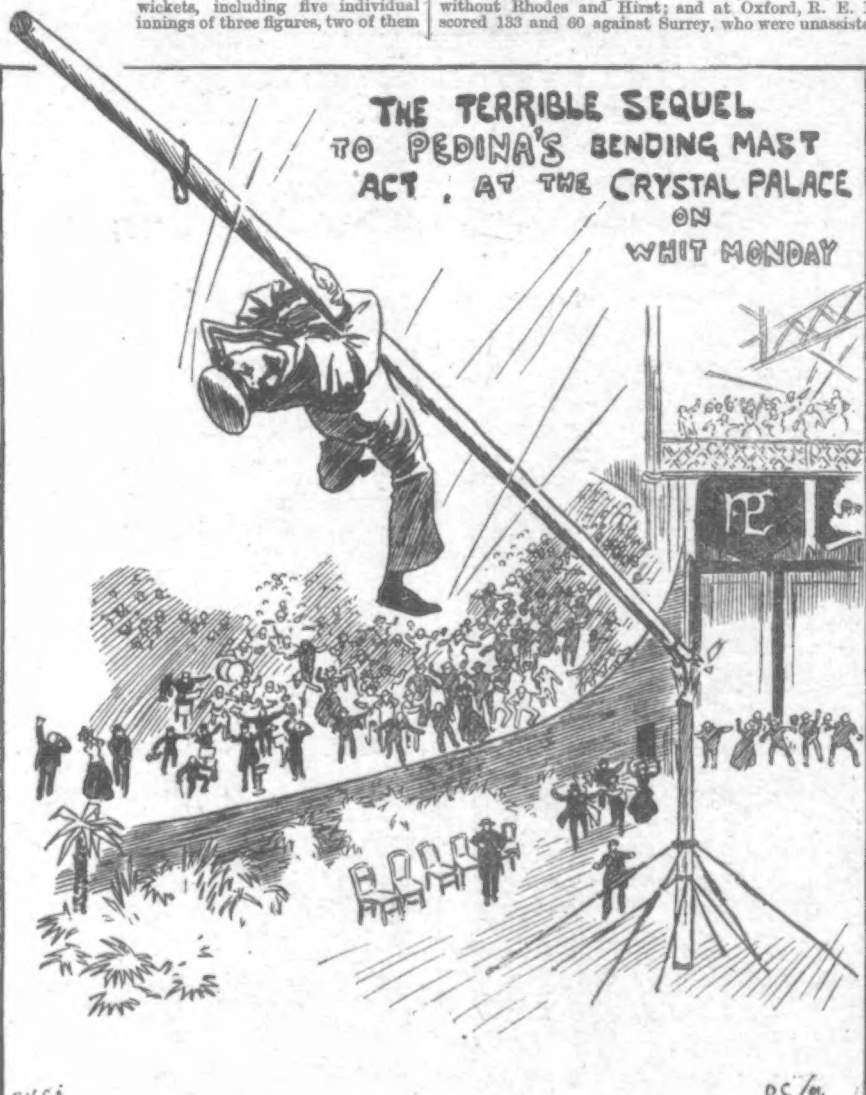
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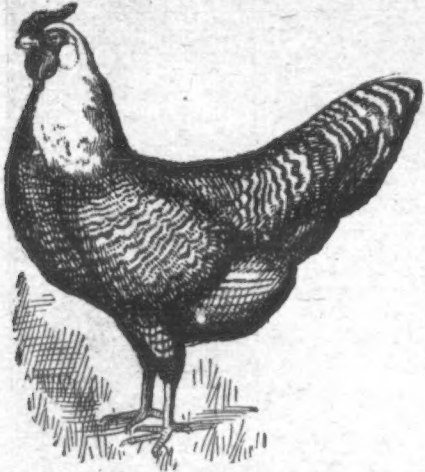
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The "P.I.P." Farmer.

On Hamburgs.

THE varieties known as Hamburgs include some of the most beautiful of our domestic fowls. Why they received the name they now bear is difficult to determine, for in no way have they had any connection with the German city on the Elbe. The spangled and the blacks are undoubtedly English, whilst the pencilled came to us from the Netherlands. There are five varieties, all being characterised by great beauty of

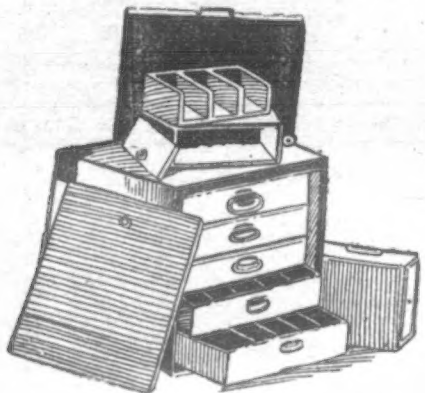


SILVER-PENCILLED HAMBURGH.

plumage, by sprightliness of carriage, and good laying properties. They are very close and compact in body, have a neat head surmounted by a shapely rose comb, a large sweeping tail, and clean legs. They are best suited to places where they can have a considerable amount of liberty, as they do not thrive well in confinement, and, in fact, it is very difficult to keep them within bounds.

Storage and Transit of Butter.

Quite recently the lack of suitable storage for butter was brought home to me by a small quantity sent up to town from the country going rancid in a few days. Preservatives are all very well in their way, but their use is not always advisable, and if one can but get suitable boxes and keep in a cool place of even temperature, butter can be preserved even in the warmest weather. Only townspeople experience this difficulty, and as facilities for obtaining ice are much better in town than in most country districts, the boxes of which I give an illustration should be in the possession of everyone who has quantities of butter sent for storage. The dairymaid will also find them very useful. By an arrangement of shelves and drawers, every inch of space is utilised, and as the whole tier of boxes can be readily packed in a large



BUTTER-BOXES.

case or corded for transit by rail, it should certainly be used by all having large quantities of butter pass through their hands. The boxes are strongly made, and will last for years.

Seakale Culture.

A correspondent anxious to start a plantation of seakale is in good time, for although one-year-old plants put in at the end of March, or even cut sets of the crown of roots, make good plantations, the best plants are obtained from seed, which may be dealt with as follows: Choose generous soil, and in November trench it two spits deep, turning in a liberal allowance of manure. Then mark out the plot into 4 ft. beds, with 2 ft. alleys between, and strew over the beds a thin surfacing of salt. Let it remain from this time to the last week in March. Then hoe the beds rough, and put down the line and sow the seeds in patches 2 ft. apart each way. About six seeds should be put in each clump, in a circle of 6 in. diameter, and the seed sown 2 in. deep. Instead of drawing drills, it is as well to measure along the line, and put in a stick where each clump is to be. With a small hand-dibbler the holes can be made round this stick, and a single seed dropped into each hole. The earth should not be piled up until all the plot is sown, and



SEAKALE.

then wood ashes may be strewn in a little mound over each clump, the holes thus being filled up at the same time. The first rain that follows washes the potash out of the dressing into the soil, and the seedlings come up in a circle of charcoal, and grow with vigour from the first.

All Rural Readers

should make it a point to order *The Penny Illustrated Paper* to be sent them by their newsgirls regularly every Friday morning. Don't leave it to chance. Order it in advance, as I do, to prevent disappointment.

N.B.—The "P.I.P. Farmer" will be pleased to reply to rural questions sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

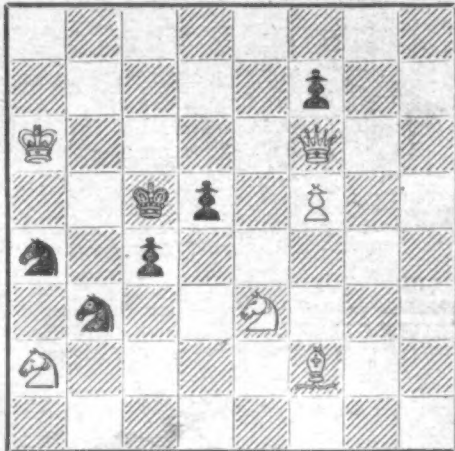
CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

J. J. QUINLIVAN.—Problem not suitable. A Problem should be very good to have a taking key-move.
HARRY FORDONSKI.—Kt takes P is not mate.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 375.

1. Kt to B 7th K to B 4th 2. B to R 7th Mate.
1. " " P to K 4th 2. Kt to Q 6th " etc.
1. " " R takes E 2. Q to Q 3rd " etc.

PROBLEM No. 376.—By C. VINCENT BERRY.
BLACK (Six Pieces).

WHITE (Six Pieces).

White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE CHAMPION IN AMERICA.

We give another good game played by Dr. LASKER at New York.

WHITE (Finu).	BLACK (Lasker).	WHITE (Finu).	BLACK (Lasker).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	24. Q P takes P	P takes P
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	25. P takes P	B takes P (ch)
3. B to R 4th	P to Q 3rd	26. Kt takes B	Q takes K (ch)
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	27. Q to B 2nd	Q takes Q (ch)
5. P to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	28. R takes Q	Kt takes B
6. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	29. R takes Kt	R to B 2nd
7. Kt to K 2nd	Castles	30. R to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th
8. Kt to K 2nd	B to K 3rd	31. B to K 2nd	
9. Castles	Kt to Q 2nd	32. B to B 3rd	R to B 4th
10. P to B 3rd	R to Q Kt 1st	33. Q R to Q 1st	R to Q 1st
11. P to Q 4th	P takes P	34. K to B 2nd	K to K 2nd
12. Kt takes P		35. K to K 3rd	R to Q 2nd
		36. R to Q 3rd	R to Q 1st
		37. P to K R 3rd	K to B 2nd
		38. R (Q 1) to Q 2	K to B 3rd
		39. B to Q 1st	R to Q Kt 2nd
		40. R to R 4th (ch)	K to B 2nd
		41. R to Q B 2nd	R takes R
		42. B takes R	R to Kt 7th
		43. R to B 3 (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
		44. K to Q 4th	K to Kt 4th
		45. R to Kt 3 (ch)	
			Seems the best, as P to R 4th (ch) would shut in White's Bishop.
			46. B takes R
			K to B 3rd
			47. B to R 4 (ch)
			K to Kt 3rd
			48. B to K 3th
			R to Kt 1st
			49. R to Q 7th
			K to B 2nd
			50. B to K 3th
			K to Kt 3rd
			51. B to Q 7th
			K to B 2nd
			Drawn.
			52. B to Kt 5th, K to Kt 3rd:
			53. P to R 4th, B to K 3rd:
			54. B to K 3th, B to Kt 1st:
			55. P to Kt 4th, P takes P:
			56. P takes P, B to K 3rd:
			57. P to B 4th, P takes P:
			58. P takes P, B to Kt 5th:
			59. K takes P, B to B 2nd:
			60. P to K 6th, K to B 2nd:
			61. P to K 7th, and White wins: for if now B to Kt 5th, Black must give up his Bishop for the Pawn. Such endings are as difficult as they are interesting.

DRAUGHTS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 337.—By W. A. COLLIER.

Black: 2, 3, 9, 12, 17, 18, 26, 27, 24k.

White: 6, 8, 11, 15, 16, 19, 20k, 25k.

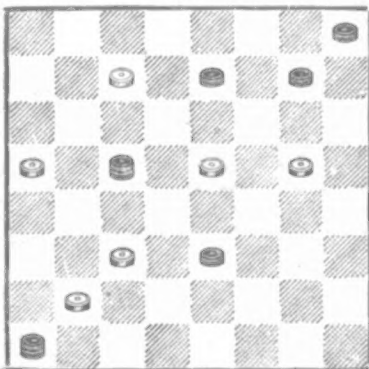
White to move, and win.

15 10	12-19	20 16	2-9
24-15	21 5	15-8	5 32
25 21	3-12	16 20	W. wins.

PROBLEM No. 338.

By W. SMITH (Stamford).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and win.

GAME No. 289.

Played by correspondence between J. B. SHAW (Lewisham) and JOHN E. JONES (Aberystwith). "Black Doctor."

11-15	24 20	12-19	27 23	24-28
23 19	11-15	28 16	18-27	14 10
8-11	27 24	15-19	25 21	19-24
22 17	8-11a	16 12	19-24	16 12
9-13	32 27	8-11	21 14	28-32
17 14	3-8	12-8	15-19	12 8
10-17	24 19	11-15	3 7	24-28
19-10	15-24	31 27	11-15	8 3
7-14	28 19	14-18	7 10c	27-23
25 22	6-10	21 14	27-31	26 19
4-8	27 23	10-17	20 16d	15-24
29 25	11-15	8 3b	31-27	Black
2-7	19 16	7-11	10 7	wins.

(a) Overlooking the win by 7-11.
(b) 20 16 would have settled me completely.
(c) 7 11 would have been disastrous; but 14 10 followed by 10 6 would have drawn.
(d) 25 23 is a snare, and loses.
Notes by J. E. Jones, who played Black.

Rosalind's Fashions.



NE of the few novelties in millinery this summer is the curtained hat—if one may so designate it from the flounce of lace which falls from the edge of the brim all round like a valance. Many of these have been in evidence at the various outdoor gatherings of society lately; and at a very smart at-home one day I noted the example shown in Fig. 1 as a specially notable model of the kind. The shape in this instance had a low basin-crown draped or drawn over with cream lace, and a rather broad brim abbreviating considerably in width at the back. This was also covered with cream lace above and beneath, with the aforesaid The further trimming consisted of a big bow of ivory silk edged with an embroidery of rose-coloured silk and gold, a chou of cream lace, and folds of rose-coloured velvet which crossed over the back on to the hair; it was distinctly effective and becoming. By-the-bye, the hair is sometimes worn low with these hats, as in the case in point, but it is far from general, even among the ultra-fashionable.

The Sailor-Hat is still with us—as it is ever likely to be—but the popular chapeau for river wear this year seems to be the stitched linen en coiffe with the gown. It has a shady, undulating brim, and big bow of the same stitched linen of which it is made. These hats are protective, cool, inexpensive, and becoming.

A Dressy Little Outdoor Garment or finish called a cape-fichu has just been brought out by one of



THE CAPE-FICHU.

the big West-End houses. Capes proper have long been demodé excepting for elderly ladies, but this model—which I have sketched in Fig. 2—is a sort of substantial fichu just clear of the cape, which supplies that always felt want in summer by those who are past

their first youth, or matrons; just something to give the toilette a dignified finish without weight or warmth. The cape-fichu sketched is of strong black net, with an appliqué of white lace, edged by a double row of accented black chiffon, and with full scarf-revers coming to the bust, completed by an edging of the accented chiffon.

The River-Gowns have never been prettier than they are this summer. The loveliest tints in cambrics, drills, and the innumerable washing fabrics now within the pale of fashion's sanction are at our command, and the modes for making them are thoroughly taking. Fine cloths and flannels are much in vogue too, and till Sol becomes more assertive these are the cosiest wear. Fig. 3 shows a delightful river-gown of fine white flannel. The skirt is quite plain, as all river-skirts should be, and only finished by rows of stitching. The underbodice or shirt is drawn into the waist by a folded scarf of dark blue silk, tied at the side, and hanging in long ends. A chic bolero is worn over all of the flannel, with a broad collar—rivers of the silk stitched with white silk, and dark blue enamel buttons complete the whole. The linen hat should be of dark blue silk, tied with white.

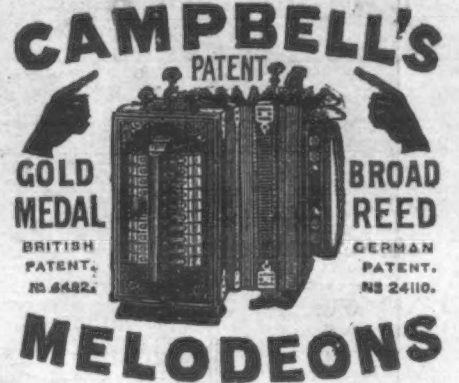
A PRETTY RIVER-GOWN.

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Wherever the English language is spoken there you will find

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They are used by all classes of Society, and are the favourite everywhere.



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All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's New Illustrated Privilege Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments for Season 1901. Now Ready. 150,000 of these lists sent out yearly. Send 1d. Stamp to

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SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY REFUNDED.

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of the famous JOHN NOBLE Cheviot Serge and Costume Costing the two good durable Cloths in which the Half-Guinea costumes are made.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of either Cloth (5 yds. 32 in. wide) for 7/6; carriage, 8d.

COLOURS: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue.

SIZES IN STOCK of Ladies' Costumes are 31, 36, 38 in. round bust (under arms); Waists, 24, 26, 28 in.; Skirts being 38, 40, 42 in. long in front. Any other size made to measure for 2/- extra.



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Made in strong Serge, with saddle top, full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths and Prices—21 24 27 30 33 36 in. 1/6 2/- 2/6 3/- 4/6 5/- 6/6 each. Lengths are from top of neckband to edge of skirt in front. Carriage, 4d.

Model 499. 12/9 and 25/6. Fashionable Coat and Skirt, Cost double-breasted and stitched round revers, collar, and cuffs with white or black stitching. 12/9 as desired, in John Noble 12/9 Cheviot Serge or Costume Costing. Price 12/9; carriage, 6d. extra. Or in superior Wool Serge, Black or Navy, lined throughout, 25/6; carriage free.

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JOHN NOBLE, LTD.

38, Brook Street Mills,

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"Bobs" on the dais.

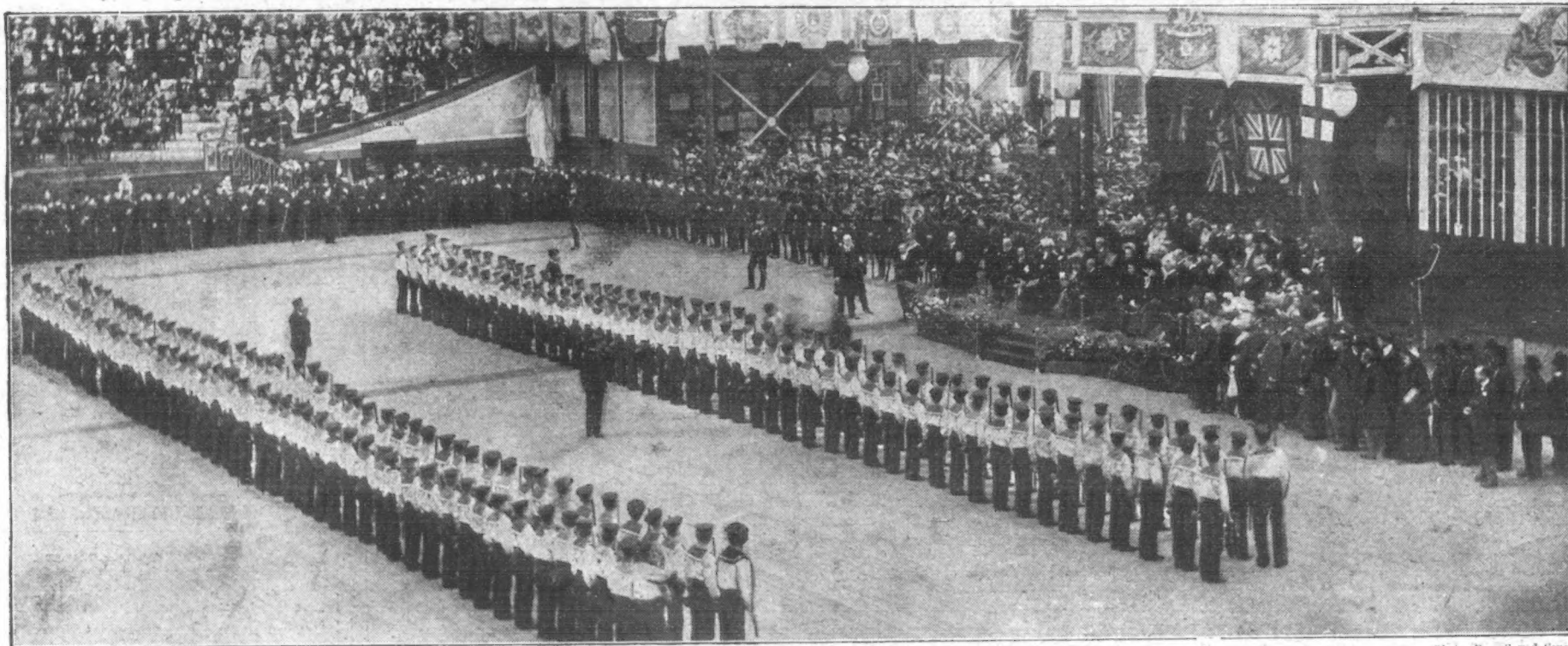


Photo. Russell and Sons.

OPENING OF THE NAVAL AND MILITARY EXHIBITION BY LORD ROBERTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON MAY 23: "BOBS" INSPECTING THE BOYS OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL SCHOOL, GREENWICH, AFTER WITNESSING THEIR WELL-EXECUTED MUSICAL DRILL.

His Majesty.

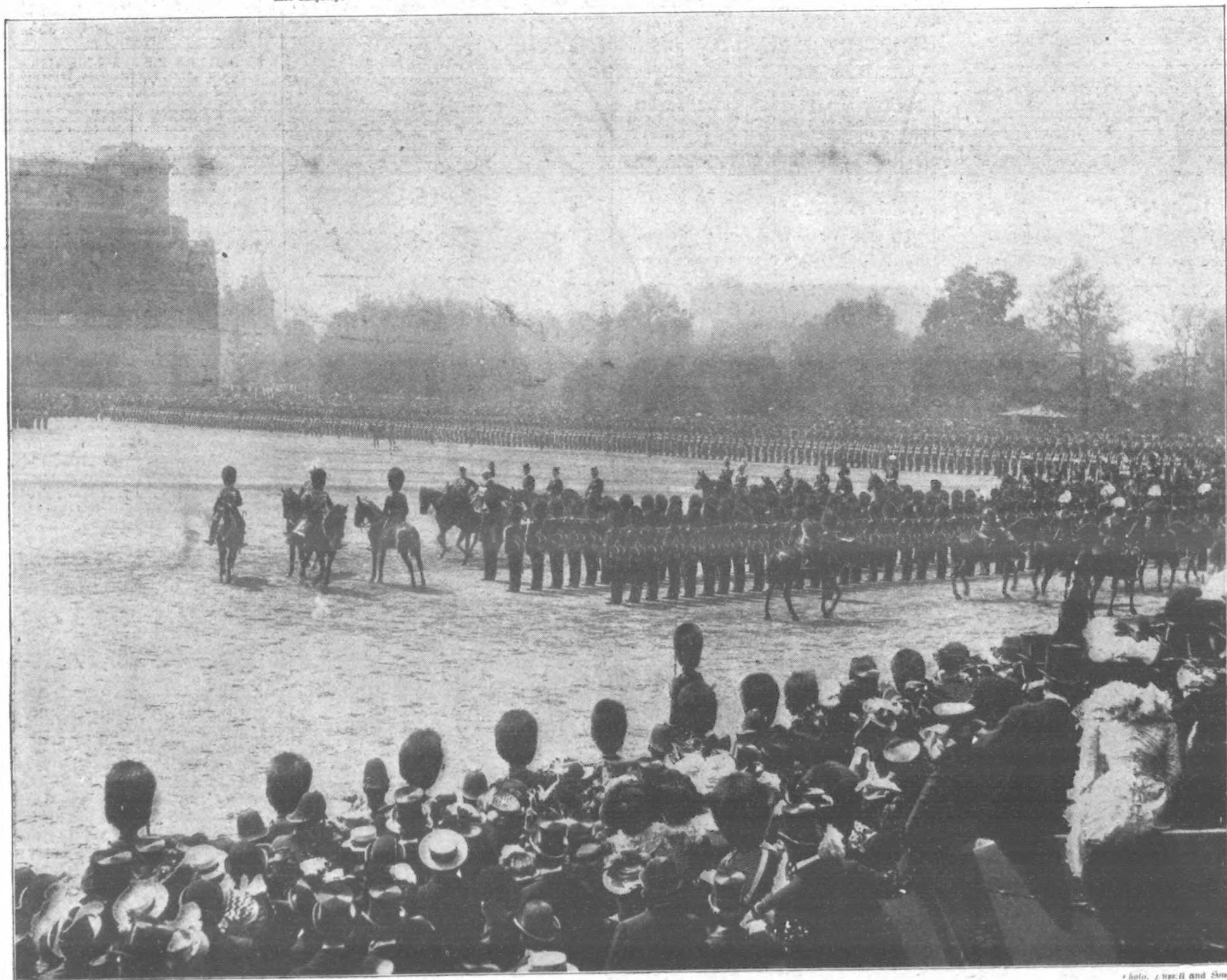


Photo. Russell and Sons.

INSPECTION OF AND PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE 3RD BATTALION SCOTS GUARDS BY KING EDWARD ON THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE ON VICTORIA DAY, MAY 24.

Mr. Balfour.



The Prime Minister.

Lord Milner.

Mr. Chamberlain.

"Bobs."

LORD MILNER WELCOMED HOME WITH RICHLY DESERVED HEARTINESS BY MINISTERS AT WATERLOO STATION.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

Dr. W. S. RICE, the well-known New York Specialist, sends a trial of his famous method **FREE TO ALL.** Anyone can now cure themselves at home without pain, danger, operation, or an hour's loss of **TIME FROM WORK.**

At the earnest request of British patrons Dr. Rice has opened branch offices at Department (38) 8-9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., and to the thousands upon thousands of ruptured people who are torturing themselves with bad trusses, and are in momentary danger of death from strangulation, will send free to all a trial of his famous method that has saved so many lives and made so many men, women, and children well and strong and permanently cured of bad ruptures. Do not be backward about writing for the **FREE TRIAL.** It will cost you nothing, and will enable you to see how easily you can cure yourself in a short time without losing an hour from work. Dr. Rice is determined that every suffering man or woman shall know the wonderful truth that rupture can be cured, and he therefore generously sends, prepaid by post, his method absolutely free, and you can make a trial of it. Remember that it is the same method that Mr. Thomas Blay (whose picture is given below) used; and who can deny the truth when it is put before them in so clear a light? It must indeed be welcome words to the afflicted.



WORDS OF PRAISE FROM MR. BLAY.

No. 5, Ripley Terrace, Luddenden Foot, Yorkshire, April 6, 1901.

W. S. Rice.

Dear Sir,—After using your treatment for three months I find myself cured of my rupture, at the age of fifty-five. I had been ruptured for ten years.

I shall advise all people afflicted with this complaint to use your treatment, as I know from experience that it will cure permanently. You must have a wonderful knowledge of rupture to fit one so perfectly without seeing the rupture.

I am in good health now, something I have not enjoyed for ten years before. You can use this letter in any way you choose, and I hope it will guide others to a perfect cure.—Yours truly,

T. BLAY.

There is absolutely no question about the curative ability of this combined and perfected method. It has stood the test of time; it has been through the fire of critical cases; it has come out victorious in every curable instance. It has saved the child to a life of independence; it has given the youth his natural endowment of health and strength to fight the battle of life successfully; it has conquered the blight upon old age, and turned years of suffering into ending days of joy and gladness. Whoever is ruptured, or knows a person suffering with rupture, should keep in mind the fact that in eighty per cent. of all cases there is a daily liability that before night they may say good-bye to earthly things. Does not this fact influence one to pause and consider whether they are using their best efforts in the way a wise Creator intended they should? And if the forethought, the research, and the painstaking effort of one who invents and studies for the relief of others is placed in our hands, is it not our duty to read and listen patiently that we may take advantage of that which contributes to our earthly benefit?

The Swallows Are Come Back.

(AFTER JASMIN, THE POET-BARBER
OF GASCONY.)

By MAY CROMMELIN.

[COPYRIGHT.]

THE first breath of spring was in the air. The birds felt it in every pinion as they chased each other through brake and thicket, where brown leaf-burgeons were unrolling to green. Their love-songs twittered from every little bill; the evening air thrilled with the joyous carol. In a thousand other signs all Nature was rejoicing.

But in one small village perched high in the Pyrenees there was unusual silence at this hour. A hush seemed fallen on the homes—even the children were so quiet that only a stray laugh was heard. In the big, bare church all the matrons were gathered, though it was no feast-day: their heads were bowed in grief. And on every trembling lip, in each heart, was the prayer—

"O blessed Virgin Mother, hear me, a mother! Spare my son! Keep him from drawing the conscript ticket at the lottery to-morrow. Leave me my child, my son."

But in a distant corner of the church knelt a young girl, her breast heaving with yet more passionate sobs. And her prayer ran thus—

"Alas! my lover! my André! Spare him. Him most of all, our dear Lady. Only think, he is an orphan! He has no mother to pray for him; only me! I am an orphan too. I need my André; we are to be married as soon as he can buy two oxen for the plough. Blessed Virgin! . . . listen! listen to . . . poor . . . little . . . Marthe."

The aged curé watched them with pity on his weather-beaten face, and when the women came lingeringly out he waited and spoke comfortingly to them. But Marthe slipped past quickly, as he consoled some women, and made her way to the little cabin—which she had inherited from her parents, who had little else to leave her—perched on the lonely mountain-side. Still, it was a home; besides, she owned a goat, a chestnut-tree that bore well, and a garden patch. Oh, if only André got free, they could soon wed—

The old curé followed the girl uphill, and found her standing at her door, gazing at the line of snow-crested mountains with tearful eyes. He consoled her kindly, and the lonely girl slept soundly that night, for his words were of good cheer.

Alas! it was the last night of happy slumber that poor Marthe was to know for many a week. For the next day André drew the fateful number.

While the conscript lads marched away from the village, forcing laughter and song, their arms round their comrades' necks, Marthe could bear the sight no longer, and fled alone up the mountain. There she threw herself face downwards on the thymy grass, and wept and wept. How long she lay she did not know, but the sun was setting when the old curé's voice roused her, repeating in her heavy ears—

"Poor child, my daughter, take heart. Why, André will come back some day. Oh, yes, some day—"

"When I am old and grey, father—yes, perhaps. Oh, why did the good God not choose some other? Why?" moaned the girl. "There is Mathieu, a ne'er-do-weel, who quarrels with his parents. No one would miss him."

"Ay, ay. The ways of Providence are inscrutable; but we must trust them. . . . Yes, as to Mathieu, I heard him say to-day he would be substitute for anyone who would pay him enough," murmured the old man soothingly. "But, there! What sum would it be? And, indeed, who could raise any money—"

The good man sighed, for he was very poor, and his little all barely sufficed to feed himself and some old folk worse off than even their pastor. But Marthe rose up as if transfixed, while the setting sun illumined her face.

"I will! I—! . . . Yes, I am young and strong, and can live on so little. Only fix the sum with Mathieu, father; then tell me, and I will earn it."

And so possessed was the simple girl with this idea that before he left, Père Goriot caught her enthusiasm, and after wise head-shakings, promised to help if it might be done. Marthe's last words rang in his ears all the way down the mountain path—

"It's all for André's sake—for André—"

Bravely Marthe kept her vow. All through the spring, when the other peasant maidens went to merry-makings, she who used to be gayest of the gay at fairs and feasts was seen no more with her companions. Often she was very lonely; her heart ached, wondering in vain where André might be; and did he think of his "little Marthe, pretty Marthe," as he used to call her.

A pair of swallows were building their nest under the eaves of the house. They were the same—she was sure—as the pair that she and André had watched last year. And her laughing lover then whispered, "They are like us—lovers. See, we shall have our nest here too. Some fine day when the swallows fly back they will be surprised to see us."

And thus it was that one morning, rousing from her pillow stained with tears, Marthe had heard a chirping at which her heart stirred with

hope, and she had cried out to cheer her lonely heart—

"The swallows are returned—"

So summer came and passed, while the evenings shortened. That was bad for work. Then came autumn; the swallows grew restless. They had reared their young ones, and Marthe felt as if they were feathered conscripts, all bound for a far hot land, perhaps Algiers, where she heard her lover was.

"Fly, little birds, to him and tell him I am true," she used to murmur. "You will come back, dear swallows, will you not? Yes, next spring—and then he will perhaps come back too."

It was wonderful as a dream to think of it. For, beyond her rosiest hopes, the poor peasant girl was actually making money. First francs, then a piece of yellow gold she had hidden away, trembling with joy. It was as if the days of magic had returned.

Father Goriot had been the good magician. Marthe was, oh! so grateful to him. For she knew that he had procured orders for her in the most miraculous manner. So many, that is to say, and pay that was wonderful—trebly beyond that given even in the towns down yonder.

The truth was that the curé ventured to tell Marthe's love-story to a great lady, living during the summer at a castle in the valley. She was touched by it, and so prettily told the tale among her friends, visitors who drank the waters at the neighbouring springs in the Pyrenees, that all declared they would buy Marthe's sewing; yes, at thrice its value. It was a good work on their part—besides, they were rich.

But this secret the good man did not tell Marthe.

André wrote once soon after he left the village. He told Marthe that he loved her, and he often wished himself back in the old village, at the dance on Sunday evenings, his arm round his dear Marthe. His respects to all good neighbours, and so forth. That letter lay warm and close inside Marthe's bodice for weeks.

Oh, bitter cold it was o' the winter nights up in the lonely mountain cabin. For years there had not been so heavy a snowfall in the Pyrenees. With difficulty and danger, Marthe trudged downhill to get food sometimes in the village; to ask for work, more work, always at the presbytery. Père Goriot, rubbing his hands, would cry slyly—

"What? Another gold piece earned! Why, my daughter, this is famous. When the swallows come back—eh, little Marthe—"

For that artless tale had been whispered in his kind ear.

And on a sudden, lo! it was springtime.

Then came an evening when, with beating heart, Marthe, laughing and crying, outpoured her small golden store into the good priest's lap. Mathieu stood sheepishly by; for he was in trouble, and so had struck an easier bargain sooner than Father Goriot expected.

There! It was done, and signed. Marthe threw her arms round Mathieu's neck, and gave him a hearty kiss. At that he burst into a big guffaw, and going out, spread the amazing news of the girl's feat.

Fresh was the grey-rose dawn, glad the early spring sun; and fresh and joyous was Marthe as she stood in her doorway to see the first peep of light on the thrice happy day when her André was returning. She looked up at last year's nest under the eaves, murmuring—

"You are tardy, little swallows. My love is coming to-day."

A while later all the villagers were gathered outside the church to do honour to Marthe by giving André a fine welcome. Some flags fluttered; everyone wore feast-day clothes. Midmost of all stood Marthe, proud and happy, Père Goriot by her side, but she saw only one thing—the white road.

Silence all! Is that a figure yonder?

"There he is!" cried every voice. Then some added, "There are two! Is it a comrade, perhaps? Mercy on me, it is André indeed, but—"

Who was she? Some neighbour from the valley, perchance. Could no one tell yet? A tall, strapping lass like Lise—no, Jeanne. Then the surmising voices died out. Awe fell upon the onlookers as, turning their heads, they watched Marthe.

The girl stood rooted to the ground. Her starting eyes strained in their sockets as she gazed forward. At first a sea of blood had purpled her cheeks, then she turned deadly pale, and all could see her bosom heave and fall, though she pressed her two hands on her heart.

Father Goriot stepped out, and spoke with stern voice.

"André, we all came here to welcome you back. But, my son, who is this woman?"

"Father, she is my wife."

"Thy wife! Miserable man, show me the marriage papers."

"Certainly, Monsieur le Curé; I—I—"

"Bah! I have them in my bosom safe—see!" broke in the woman boldly.

"My God! Alas!" murmured the old pastor in great sadness.

There fell a short silence. Then came a faint quivering sound, as if each one in the crowd gave a sigh.

All save one.

Suddenly a shriek of hysterical laughter startled the bystanders. It was Marthe who uttered it. And as all listened spellbound, she laughed again—again!

Before anyone had time or thought to stop her, she turned and ran up the village street, and away to the mountain. Even when her figure was hidden by bushes or boulders, her maniac mirth still reached the ears of the horror-stricken neighbours.

They sought Marthe's cabin that evening,

thinking her madness might have spent itself; but the house was empty. In vain for days and evenings afterwards pitying peasants sought her, and watched in turn to see if the wanderer would come home.

Sometimes, though rarely, a goatherd would bring word to the village of how he had descried the mad girl flitting far off down some ravine, with loose hair and ragged garments. But always, however stealthily approached, she would perceive the friendly pursuer, and hide herself with amazing cunning and quickness.

When winter-time came on, and the lone outcast could no longer live on roots, fruit, and water, Marthe's dishevelled form was recognised as haunting the outskirts of the village at nights, and several kind souls then left out food for her. Later, when the snow lay thick, sometimes on bitter nights a timid hand would tap at some window whence streamed a ruddy glow into the outside darkness. The door would be set open, and soon the miserable girl would steal in and crouch near the hearth, eating hungrily the meal that was never grudged her.

At times, if spoken to, she would answer; only saying the same words always, with sad eyes raised to vacancy—

"The swallows are come back!"

Spring came round once more, and the swallows indeed did return. Then one morning a young shepherd, whose daily duties led him past Marthe's deserted hut, saw that the door stood open.

Surprised, he looked into the cottage, and saw a figure lying on the coarse pallet, which for a year had remained untouched. It was Marthe.

Quite dead she lay, though hardly cold as yet. And so sweet a smile transfigured her wasted features to beauty that all those who came to see, out of curiosity, went away awed, yet with a sense of thankfulness. And more than one good woman, wiping wet eyes, murmured, "She is at rest at last. Poor Marthe!"

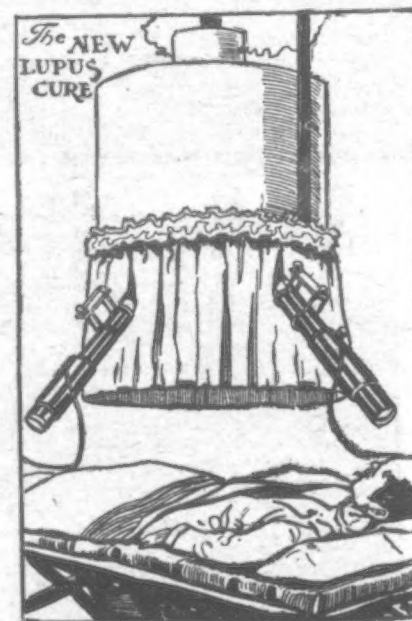
As to André, soon after his home-coming and its tragic sequel he and his foreign wife found it best to leave the village, although at first they tried to brave matters out. Few of the neighbours and old friends, men or women, would speak civilly to André. And if some of the young men and boys did give back scornful pleasantries to the saucy words the dark woman from Africa flung to them, they were blamed by the girls they danced with on moonlight evenings under the big plane-trees of the village place.

But after Marthe's death, a mountaineer, who had the gift of improvising, made verses on "Poor Marthe," which the girls used to sing on winter evenings round the fire. And later a poet of Gascony, hearing this true tale, wrote a ballad about the story of her love, and it was printed in a little book.

THE END.

NEW LIGHT TREATMENT.

LUPUS is one of the most terrible diseases, and has caused no small anxiety to the medical faculty. The unhappy person who became a victim of the scourge had to bear his malady in silence. An enthusiastic young Danish scientist, Dr. Finsen, carefully studied the disease, and ultimately discovered that its cure could be effected by the application of concentrated rays of powerful light. An instrument was made, and a cure was the result. Queen Alexandra soon heard of the marvellous cure, and, having assured herself that the Finsen light cure was no vain theory, Her Majesty communicated with the authorities of



the London Hospital, who decided to accept her offer of the instrument she had good-naturedly consented to supply at her own expense. That was in the autumn of last year. Since that time the well-known hospital in the Whitechapel Road has been besieged with sufferers, who asked for admission. A second lamp was installed, and, later on, a third was added. As the cure frequently occupies months, the number treated has necessarily been limited. Patients are already registered for the next half-year, and thousands have been sent away. The instruments are very expensive, and the admirable work is sadly hampered for need of financial aid. Her Majesty having set the example, it is hoped that many will speedily follow the Queen's thoughtful precedent, thereby assisting in the relief of the deadly lupus disease. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth has promptly followed suit, and contributed £10,000 to the Light Fund.

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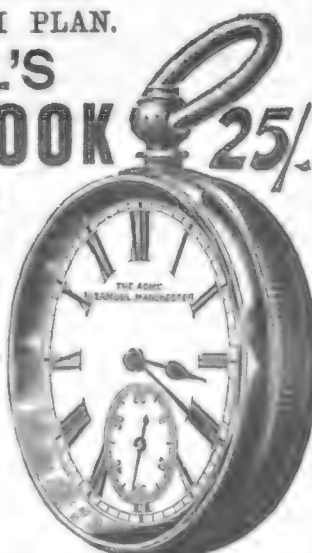
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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE KING PRESENTS COLOURS.

AFTER the long period of mourning, it was quite exhilarating to see the flags fluttering joyously in the breeze on May 24, Victoria Day, and to "listen to the music in the Park" as the gorgeously arrayed Guards' bands blared their way to the Horse Guards' Parade, where beauty and chivalry met to witness the presentation of colours by His Majesty to the 3rd Scots Guards.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Connaught, Prince Arthur and Princess Margaret of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Her Serene Highness the Duchess of Teck, drove to the Horse Guards and witnessed the presentation and trooping the colours from the central windows. The Hon. Charlotte Knollys, the Earl of Kintore, General Sir Dighton Probyn, and Colonel Brocklehurst were in attendance upon Her Majesty.

The crowd was enormous, and so were the ruffles of the fair and fashionable ladies who stood on the tips of their patent shoes with quite a ballerina's agility in the endeavour to see more than an occasional glimpse of the nodding plumes of the gallant Guardsmen.

The Ladies of the Court were, of course, all in black, for the severity of their mourning may not be mitigated before mid-July; but magpie hues, grey in its prettiest pastel aspect, and pale shades of mauve were most in evidence in the crowd. Each dainty feminine head peeping from a huge ruffle irresistibly suggested a Jacobin pigeon, and I wonder this has not inspired the merry pencil of the caricaturist. If this should meet his eye I will be happy to lend him a real live

Jacobin Beruffled

in the most high-bred manner—in the strict understanding, of course, that Master Jack is not put under a pie-crust as a recompense for his services as artist's model.

"The Emerald Isle"

is a comic opera which I offer no excuse for returning to, as it is to my mind one of the brightest, most humorous, and most delightful musical entertainments in town. It is a charming souvenir of the clever Irish composer whom all the world of musicaments—I refer, of course, to the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose gift of melody, together with the poetical and dramatic genius of Mr. W. S. Gilbert (who has an able successor in Captain Basil Hood) and the rare business acumen and liberality of the late Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, made the fortunes of the Savoy Theatre. I have already offered my humble tribute to the sweet contralto voice and arch vivacity of Miss Louie Pounds, who has the most dulcet songs to sing in "The Emerald Isle." It is a



A PRETTY CORSELET-GOWN.



Photo. Alfred L. W. and W. L. W.

MISS LOUIE POUNDS AND MR. HENRY LYTTON—THE SWEET COLLEEN AND BROTH OF AN IRISH BOY IN THE DELIGHTFUL NEW COMIC OPERA, "THE EMERALD ISLE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

pleasure now to present a character-portrait of this exceedingly winsome songstress in the part of Molly O'Grady, the sweetheart of that Miles-na-Coppaleen kind of hero, Pat Murphy, embodied with appropriate gusto and unction by Mr. Henry Lytton. You should buy this week's exceptionally attractive Number of the Sketch for a photographic gallery of the other bright particular stars of "The Emerald Isle," first "gem of the say." You will in our popular contemporary find similarly seductive likenesses of Miss Isabel Jay (whose clear soprano notes are flung about with nightingale-like fluency as Lady Rosie Pippin, who is wooed with ardour by the silvery young tenor, Mr. Robert Evett); of beautiful Agnes Frazer, and the treacly voiced Devon Sergeant; of piquante Miss Gaston Murray in the congenial company of flirtatious Walter Passmore (a sort of rejuvenised "Sorcerer"); of that prime favourite, Miss Rosina Brandram, dancing a minuet with stately Lord Lieutenant Hewson; and of sparkling Misses Ethel Beach and Lulu Evans, whom the invincible Passmore also beguiles into shaking a "light fantastic toe" with him. To sum up, when you need cheering, book seats for "The Emerald Isle," the musical score of which was so ably finished by Mr. Edward German.

What a crowd there was

At the Temple Gardens Flower Show, and how lovely woman pushed and panted in the struggle to peer at the Broodingnagian blossoms that made so brave an array! Foulards had been sensibly donned by most of the fair visitors, who remained cool and happy while their cloth-clad sisters were visibly enduring miseries from the heat. I hear that very probably this is the last time the Royal Horticultural Society will hold its show in the Temple Gardens, as the space is far too small to accommodate the crowds who want to see the flowers. Judging by the satisfied faces of the exhibitors' representatives, business, in the way of orders, had been brisk.

Gardening is Becoming More and More a Feminine Hobby,

and many women have more than a glancing acquaintance with the formidable Latin names bestowed, for some unaccountable reason, on the most harmless flowers. Apropos of gardening, I have much pleasure in recommending "Cassell's Dictionary of Gardening," which is coming out in sevenpenny parts, and is to be completed in about twenty numbers. It is edited by Mr. Walter P. Wright, and is amply illustrated.

One of the most ardent floriculturists is

Lady Craven, whose extensive gardens at Coombe Abbey are a wonderful sight, and cost about £1000 a year to keep up. There are fourteen gardeners, who

carry out everything under her Ladyship's superintendence.

My Costume Illustration

gives a design for a pretty and serviceable dress. It is a corselet-gown in fancy foulard, banded with white lace and trimmed with ribbon velvet, fastened down with silver buttons. The straw hat is adorned with large roses, à la mode.

Hosts of novelties in the shops—which never were more tempting than now—are enticing the money from our purses. There is

A New Glove in White and Gris-Perle of fine Paris glacé kid, which need not be despatched to the cleaners when soiled, since you have but to wash your gloved hands with soap and water in order to renovate them completely. Their price is but 2s. 11d. For the girl who does up her own dainty handkerchiefs, laces, etc., at home, there is

A New Box-Iron, the "Dalli,"

with patent heaters that need no fire or gas. Then there are new filmy stockings of transparent lisle as fine as silk, some with lace half-way up, which are wonderfully pretty and ideally cool for summer. An enterprising shoemaker has brought out real sandals for children, made after the classic model, with strong leather soles, certain doctors having pronounced in favour of semi-bare feet for little folks.

Busy Dressmakers.

The difficulty of getting any dressmaker to work for one just now—even to run up the simplest frock—suggests that many girls with small purses, nimble fingers, and good taste might really make a comfortable income by undertaking to fashion dainty shirts and blouses for their friends, from the latter's own materials. One would often like to indulge in a pretty remnant of cotton or silk, a length of lace, etc., but for the cost of having the same manoeuvred into a blouse, and the weariness of waiting weeks before the modiste can take it in hand, if she will even condescend to accept fabrics not purchased by herself. A girl who gave time and trouble to doing such work really well would be certain of a steady income; but, alas! "thoroughness" is a rare equipment of the amateur.

A Hint in Season.

The glad sunshine of this gloriously leafy June is very welcome; but beware of the muslin gown, the thin foulard, and the transparent slip for river or roaming by the sea. A coat for donning at nightfall is a sensible provision which may save a dangerous chill. Even the sunniest day in June is often followed by an evening cold enough for a warm jacket or wrap of some kind.

The Great "County Sale,"

the idea of which was conceived by Mr. J. S. Wood, the "Bazaar King," bids fair to be a big success at the Earl's Court Exhibition. Queen Alexandra and the Princesses of the Royal Family have granted their patronage; and the Duke of Cambridge has graciously consented to open the show on June 27. It will last from the

Be on the Look Out!

Don't take IMITATIONS

of OGDEN'S

"GUINEA-GOLD"

CIGARETTES!



There are plenty about;
What we mean is,
Gently but *Firmly*
insist on having
OGDEN'S
and *no other!*

FOR EVERY DAY

YOU WANT A GOOD WATCH!

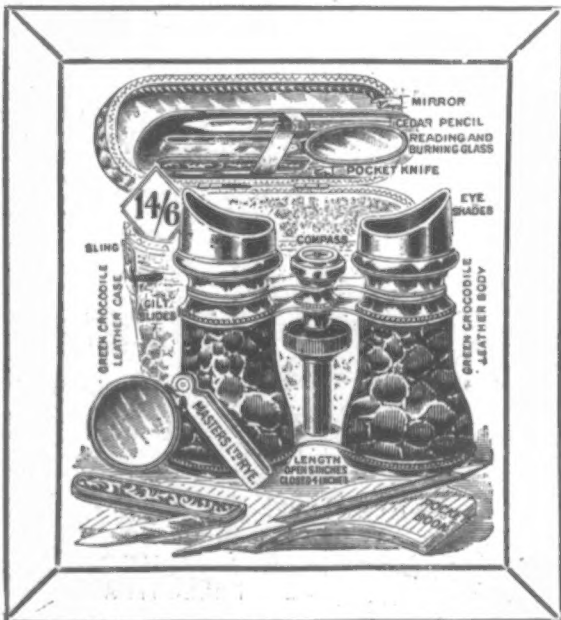
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20-miles Range Glass, Compass, Mirror, Reading (or Burning) Glass, Fruit Knife (or Paper Cutter), Note Book and Pencil. All in Crocodile Leather Case, with sling.

WILL LAST 20 YEARS.

WILL YOU TEST ONE FREE?

FREE TRIAL 2/6

YOU simply send us 2/6. WE send you either size Watch or the Field Glass and Companion for your Free Trial.

IF you approve you send 2/6 more on receipt and 5/- monthly for 5 months for the Watch, or you may send nett-cash-price, 27/-.

For the Field Glass you send 1/6 more on receipt and 3/- monthly for 4 months, or nett-cash-price, 12/6.

Money returned if not approved.

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why

Cockles' Pills of course

If for a "Ride to Khiva",
Why not for a "March to Pretoria?"

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COMPLETE WITH ALL MATERIALS.



Description of the 'Juno' Camera: The Camera is made of picture 4 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. It uses regular glass plates, not films. Many Cameras are sold separately, and the purchaser has to buy the outfit afterwards. We give the complete outfit with every Camera as shown above. The outfit consists of:

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|----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 1 "Juno" Camera. | 1 Packet Hypo. | 1 Package Ruby Paper. | 1 Package Photo |
| 1 Weatherproof Case. | 1 Printing Frame. | 1 Toning | Mounts. |
| 2 View Finders. | 1 Developing Tray. | Powder. | 1 Handbook of |
| 2 Dark Slides. | 1 Bottle Developer. | 1 Toning Tray. | Instructions. |
| 1 Packet Dry Plates. | 1 Package P.O.P. | | |

The Camera and Outfit are all securely packed in case. This Camera has two brilliant View Finders, Single Lense, Time and Instantaneous Shutter for Snap Shots, Four Stops. It will give great pleasure and satisfaction in taking, developing and printing photographs. It is the best bargain you have ever seen. You can make a picture 4 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. Full and explicit directions sent with every outfit.

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If so, here is your opportunity. Just think what a great offer we are making you. Surely it will not take you more than a couple of hours to sell among your friends and neighbours nine handsome pieces of Jewellery at 1/6 each, which consist of Brooches, Scarfpins, Studs, Links, Alberts, etc. These are of the most artistic and newest designs, and beautifully finished. The moment they are all sold, you have earned the Camera with complete Outfit. You then send us the 13/6 received, and we send you the Camera and Outfit absolutely FREE by return of post.

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Simply send a post-card, with full name and address, and say you will either sell the Jewellery or return it to us. On receiving your post-card we will at once post you the Jewellery. When sold send us the 13/6 received for same, and we will at once send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, either of the above valuable presents. A written guarantee for ten years accompanies each Watch.

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